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THE SHIP OF DREAMS.

WHEN silent lies the sleeping town
In its profoundest rest,
There is a ship comes sailing down
Upon the river's breast.

Wide-winged as that enchanted swan,
She saileth through the night,
And purple grows the gloom upon
The magic of her flight.

The barque she bears no mortal name,
No crew of mortal mould,
Ulysses' ship of song and flame,
Of cedar wood and gold!

She is the ship that Turner knew
On the enchanted seas,
She floats far isles of music through,
And isles of memories.

And she is mystically fraught
With dreams remembered long,
That drift on all the tides of thought
And all the seas of song.

She hath Ulysses by her helm,
As in the olden time;
This ship of a diviner realm,
And of a fairer clime.

Longman's Magazine.

A MILE AND A BITTOCK.

A MILE and a bittock, a mile or twa,
Abune the burn, ayont the law,
Davie an' Donal' and Cherie an' a',
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Ane went hame wi' the ither, and then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
The clocks were chappin' in house and ha',
Eleeven, twal, and ane an' twa;
And the gudeman's face was turnt to the wa',
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
A wund got up frae affa the sea,
It blew the stars as clear's could be,
It blew in the een of a' of the three,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Now Davie was first to get sleep in his head.
"The best o' freen's maun twine," he said,
"I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa to my bed,"
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam' gray an' plain,
An' the birdies yammert on stick an' stane,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!
O years ayont, O years awa,
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Leisure Hour.

SHE IS MY LADY, O SHE IS MY LOVE!

No beauty born of pride my lady hath;
Her voice is as the path
Of a sweet stream, and where it flows must be
Peace and fertility.
Who loveth her no tumult hath or pain;
Her cloudy eyes are full of blessed rain—
A sky that cherisheth; her breast
Is a soft nook for rest.
She has no varying pleasure
For passion's fitful mood;
Her firm, small kisses are my constant food,
As rowan-berries yield their needful treasure
To starving birds: her smile
Gives life so sweet a style,
To die beneath its beams would be
To practise immortality.

Academy.

JANUARY.

THROUGH frosty skies the glittering stars look
down
On lands that lie in dreamless winter sleep;
Wrapped in a wealth of snowflakes soft and
deep.
The trees seem taller and more stately grown
In the white splendor of their transient crown,
Unvisited the hills their secrets keep,
And over all—hill, dale, and mountain
steep—
One vast, pure veil of loveliness is thrown.
A world of snow and silence, and beneath
The Past and Future resting side by side;
But soon new power shall stir in blade and
frond,
There shall be gladness after seeming death,
The advent of the springtime, far and wide,
And all the bliss of summer life beyond!
Leisure Hour. MARY ROWLES.

Lo, the day begins to rise,
And the shadows of the night,
Overtaken with surprise,
Blushing, fly his presence bright;
Cease thy briny tears to flow,
Not another murmur sigh;
Thine hath been the cup of woe,
Now be thine the cup of joy.

Wakened by the voice of morn,
See the little urchin Mirth,
How she, laughing care to scorn,
Skippeth o'er the jocund earth;
Don, O, don thy best attire,
Snatch, O, snatch this balm to pain,
Ere the beams of day retire,
And thy night sets in again.

JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE HOUSE OF DOUGLAS.*

YET another of Mr. William Fraser's monumental works on Scottish family history is before us, not assuredly the least interesting or important of the series. Scotts of Buccleugh, Stewarts of Menleith, Stirlings of Keir, Mackenzies, Montgomeries, Maxwells, Colquhouns, Lennoxes, and Frasers, must all yield the palm to the descendants of that "dark, iron grey man," Sholto Dhu Glass, who hovers, dimly seen, and intangible by the utmost antiquarian industry, on the confines of authentic narrative. Scarcely the unborn progeny of Æneas mustered a more imposing company in the shades, or the predestined scions of Este in the grotto of Merlin, than the long procession of Douglasses, black and red, who defile across the ample pages of the gorgeous volumes we are proud and fortunate to possess. Nor is their learned author unworthy to take a place beside even such well-versed genealogists as Anchises or Melissa. It is true he professes to read, not the future, but the past; his knowledge is no "gift of Persephone," but the fruit of the toilsome researches of a lifetime. The spirits at his command — *un gran numero eletto* — dwell in antique muniment-chests, whisper their secrets from black-letter grants and charters, own as the symbols of their bondage armorial seals, escutcheons, half-defaced inscriptions, yellow and tattered manuscripts. To his possession of the *ferrea vox* denied to the sibyl, not the present voluminous work alone bears witness, but many others of the same class, reviewed at intervals in these pages. Already in the days of the Bruce the sexton of St. Bride's had a story to tell of Douglas deeds and heroes, too long for the patience of Sir Aymer de Valence. "A less matter," he protested, "would hold a well-breathed minstrel in subject for recitation for a calendar month, Sundays and holidays included."† Yet the house was then only in its beginnings. Six eventful centuries have since

added their quota of vicissitudes to the tale.

The inheritance of the Douglas and Angus estates, which devolved upon the late Countess of Home by the death of her mother, the Dowager Lady Montagu, in January, 1859, brought in its train the possession of an extensive collection of family papers. The printing of the more important among them was suggested by and entrusted to Mr. William Fraser, already distinguished as a genealogist; and much interest was taken in the progress of the work both by the Earl and Countess of Home. Its completion neither of them lived to witness; but their son, the present earl, has spared no cost or pains in carrying out the design of his parents. He has unquestionably raised a noble monument to the best kind of family pride. Even the "grand old gardener," reputed more than commonly indifferent to the "claims of long descent," could scarcely, one would think, remain wholly unimpressed by the splendors of the Douglas ancestry thus detailed and commemorated. Towers, castles, palaces, moulder into ruins; hosts of retainers drop off like withered leaves; lands can be alienated, dignities disappear, titles become extinct; but a printed book survives as long as civilization itself; it confers a species of terrestrial immortality upon those whose deeds it records; its emergence from the press marks the beginning for them of a new kind of vicarious existence in the thoughts of others. As Shakespeare says in the "powerful rhyme" of one of the most beautiful of his sonnets: —

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall
burn

The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still
find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.

Inscrutability of family origin was a traditional Douglas vaunt. "You may see us in the stem," they used to say, "you cannot discover us in the root; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us

* *The Douglas Book*. By WILLIAM FRASER, C.B., LL.D. In four volumes 4to. Edinburgh: 1886. (Privately printed.)

† Castle Dangerous, c. ix. Referred to at p. lxxxviii. of the "Douglas Book."

to the fountain." Towards the close of the twelfth century, accordingly, they abruptly present, themselves before us, already possessors of Douglasdale in Lanarkshire, and already a power in the State. How they came to be what and where they were, of what ethnical ingredients their masterful natures were composed, whether the land gave its name to the lords or the lords to the land, it has proved vain to enquire, and would profit little to know. The wonder of their selection by destiny (so called) to play the part they did would be no whit the less could we trace back their pedigree in a line of unbroken descent to Japhet, and map and date the vagaries of their footsteps from the plateau of Pamir to the skirts of Cairntable. Their presence, however, if of uncertain origin, was undeniable in its effects.

An exhaustive history of the families of Douglas and Angus [Mr. Fraser justly remarks] almost includes the history of Scotland. At an early period in the annals of their country the Douglasses are found prominent in battle, in the Church, and at Court. In the national struggles for freedom and independence, their names and memories are cherished second only to those of Wallace and of Bruce. As warriors, they long held the distinguished position of leading the van of the royal armies in battle, and as senators of giving the first vote in Parliament, and also of carrying the crown at royal coronations. They thus long held the hereditary right of doing what in modern times was ascribed to one great member of another illustrious house, who was said

To shake alike the senate and the field.

The great qualities of the race developed in the adversity of their country. Sir William Douglas, surnamed "the Hardy," was as good a patriot as the distracted nature of the times allowed. He did homage to Edward I., but fought under Wallace, forfeited his estates, and died a captive in the Tower of London in 1298. He appears to have given himself up on a point of honor, and was never released. Yet he was no tame gaolbird. From within his cage, flappings of helpless furious wings are by chance audible to us. He is said to have comported himself at Berwick in a "very savage and very abusive" fashion; and his temper is un-

likely to have become mollified with the fuller persuasion of his hopeless captivity. But the Tower has closely kept the secret of his end.

The eldest son of William the Hardy was still a boy when his father's career thus came to an untimely close. His prospects were not bright. A stranger was in possession of his inheritance; Scotland lay prostrate at the tyrannous feet of the English king; his own safety and education were provided for in exile. In due time, however, he made trial of his fate. Presenting himself in the English camp before Stirling, about 1302, he demanded the restoration of his paternal estates, which had been handed over to Sir Robert Clifford. Under the lash of a stern denial, he left the royal presence in wrath which proved inextinguishable, and with that deep hatred of the southron planted in his heart which nerved his strong arm to many a desperate deed.

Among the many heroes [our author writes] of the wars for Scottish independence whose names are cherished in the remembrance of a grateful posterity, the Good Sir James of Douglas takes rank with Wallace and the royal Bruce. Succeeding to the misfortunes of his heroic but martyred sire, and withal inheriting his dauntless and unbroken spirit, Scotland had no more successful champion for her liberties and freedom than the "doughty Douglas." Side by side with his king he labored with unflinching fidelity and devotion amid dangers, privations, desertions, defeats, painful toilings, and hairbreadth escapes, until by a series of successes, to which he largely contributed, his country was redeemed from an alien yoke, and he had at length the satisfaction of seeing the independence of his country settled on a basis of enduring stability. No wonder he was beloved of his sovereign, and entrusted by him when dying with a most sacred mission, to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, nor less wonder can it be that the story of his life and deeds of chivalry are recounted to the youth of every succeeding generation as an example alike of pure and ardent patriotism and of heroic daring.

So closely associated with King Robert the Bruce in all his sufferings and wanderings, as also in his victories and ultimate success, was Sir James of Douglas, that the historians of the one cannot discharge their task without in large measure detailing the history of the

other. Hence in the noble epic poem of *Barbour*, which traces the life and battles of "The Bruce," the Good Sir James occupies a position little inferior to that of the king himself. (Vol. i., p. 105.)

Through his exploits it was that Castle Douglas became known as the "adventurous castle." Three several times he captured the place by stratagem or surprise, burning, devastating, finally razing it to the ground. It was not in his humor to stand a siege in it. He "loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." But if he could not hold it himself, he succeeded in making it a sore holding for others. The hideous incident of the "Douglas larder" finds a place in every history of Scotland. The problem to be solved was how to render the enemy's stock of provisions off-hand and completely unfit for human food. Not without a shudder can the solution found for it be detailed. To endless bushels of flour and meal, grain and malt, piled up in one vast heap on the cellar floor, were added, in plenty to correspond, stove-in hogsheds of wine and ale; the carcases, still palpitating, of slaughtered sheep and oxen were flung in the midst; then, by a ghastly consummation, the prisoners of the garrison were massacred on the spot and the reeking mass was soaked with their blood, and crowned with their corpses. Yet this was done by a pattern of chivalry!

The third capture of the stronghold had more romantic associations.

The story is told of a wealthy heiress of noble English birth, beset with suitors, assembling them all at a festivity, and a minstrel having sung the deeds of the redoubtable Douglas in his own lands, and the danger of holding such a hazardous but honorable post as Douglas Castle, she openly declared her intention to bestow her hand upon the knight who should hold it for a year and a day in the interests of the King of England. Of all the knights who surrounded her table only one, Sir John de Wanton, was found brave enough to accept the conditions. His offers to hold the post were accepted, and he it was who at this time was in command of Douglas Castle, with a stronger garrison than any of his predecessors.

Understanding that the castle was not overwell stocked with supplies, Douglas conceived

a stratagem whereby he might draw out the governor with his troops into an ambush, and then overthrow them. On the morning of a great fair day at Lanark, after placing his men in ambush at a convenient spot, he instructed fourteen of them to fill sacks with grass, throw them over the backs of their horses, and, concealing their armor under countrymen's frocks, to drive their beasts past the castle as if they were traders on their way to market. The passage of the large cavalcade with provender so much needed by the garrison was reported to Sir John de Wanton, who at once ordered his men to start in pursuit, and rode at their head. They passed the ambuscade unheeded, and drew near their supposed prize, when suddenly the sacks were thrown away, the rustic garments followed, and Douglas's men leaping on their horses, the English were confronted with a body of well-armed and resolute warriors. Sir John de Wanton at once attempted a retreat to the castle, but only turned to find himself beset on all sides, and in the struggle which ensued the garrison were overpowered, and nearly all slain, with their commander. On his dead body, it is said, was discovered a letter from the lady in the hope of whose hand and heart he had accepted his fatal post. Douglas next proceeded to the castle, which was yielded up to him. On their surrender he not only spared the lives of the English soldiers who had remained therein during the affray, but dismissed them with marks of kindness to their own country. On this occasion Douglas razed the castle to the ground. (Vol. i., p. 118.)

Upon these incidents Sir Walter Scott founded his novel "Castle Dangerous," in which Douglas figures as the Knight of the Tomb. His tall, spare form and swarthy complexion fitted him to go disguised as the King of Terrors; and, indeed, most of his foes would gladly have exchanged his formidable presence for that of the spectre he personated. The mere sound of his name sufficed to scare English children into good behavior; and it is related that at the surprise of Roxburgh on Shrove Tuesday, 1314, a soldier's wife was hushing her babe to sleep with the comforting promise, "The Black Douglas shall not get ye," when a deep voice beside her muttered, "You are not so sure of that," a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, and looking up she found herself in the dreaded presence of the nursery bogie. It is pleasant to hear that

mother and child were protected amid the carnage that followed.

Sir James Douglas had true military genius. In strategy, as in prowess, he was esteemed barely inferior to the Bruce himself. Of seventy engagements fought by him, he was victorious in all save thirteen. As a divisional general in a pitched battle, his qualities were finely displayed at Bannockburn. In the conduct of border forays, he was without a rival. His ambushes and stratagems are never recorded to have miscarried. His secrets were uniformly well kept; faithful unto death himself, he was rewarded with the fidelity of others. Of him was written the line in the old allegory of "The Howlat," which finds a place among the stray survivals from forgotten poems:—

O Douglas! O Douglas! tender and true!

For, fierce and even savage as was his mode of warfare, no gentler or gayer knight trod in lady's bower once his weapons were laid aside.

A noble career was crowned by a still nobler end. King Robert, dying of leprosy, June 7, 1329, enjoined upon the friend and comrade in arms of his youth to bear his heart to the Holy Sepulchre, and the sacred trust was embraced by Douglas with more than his accustomed ardor. But he was arrested, midway towards its accomplishment, by the inexorable consequence of his own chivalric devotion. Learning at Seville that the king of Castile was at war with the Moors, he proffered aid eagerly welcomed, and fell on the plain of Teba in Andalusia, August 25, 1330. If Barbour is to be believed, he paid his life as the price of the rescue of Sir William Sinclair of Roslyn from a swarming Saracen horde. Beneath his body, and reddened with his blood, was found the silver casket containing the Bruce's heart, and thenceforward the blazoned "three stars" of the Douglas coat-of-arms were augmented with a "bleeding heart." The remains of the hero were brought home by his sorrowing followers, and deposited in St. Bride's Church, where a monument was erected to him by his son, the "grim" Earl of Douglas. In spite of Cromwellian defacements, the dark stone effigy is still identifiable with him who was styled *Mallens Anglorum*. The crossed legs denote the crusader; the right arm in act to draw the sword from a scabbard held by the left implies a career arrested, a hand laid to rest before it was weary.

Among the Douglas heirlooms is a

sword of state said to have been a death-bed gift from the Bruce to his friend. A rude inscription, evidently of later origin, conveys in jolting rhymes the last pathetic royal command, with an encomium upon the Douglas family premature in 1329:—

So many guid as of the Douglas been,
Of ane surname, were never in Scotland seen.

Of the celebrated Emerald Charter, on the other hand, only the terms have been preserved in the record of the Great Seal of Bruce. This unique document owed its distinctive title to a ring placed by the king on the finger of Douglas in token of perpetual investiture in the privileges it enumerated.

Mr. Fraser has ascertained that the "good Sir James was married," and left a son and heir, who was slain at Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333, while still under age. In the same battle fell his uncle, Sir Archibald Douglas, youngest son of William the Hardy, by Eleanor de Ferrers, an English heiress, whom he had won for his second wife by the unceremonious courtship of forcible abduction. Sir Archibald was appointed regent of Scotland during the minority of David II., and to his rashness in exposing his army to the "fatal hail-shower" of English arrows was imputed a defeat which robbed Scotland of the flower of her nobility, and sent Scottish patriots once more to the fastnesses where they were unassailable, and could remain free,—free under difficulties, and with considerable penalties of famine, pestilence, and slaughter. The sufferings of the afflicted people during the twenty-two years' struggle ensuing upon Halidon Hill are but too vividly disclosed by the one atrocious fact that cannibalism, no longer the last expedient of agonizing nature, rose to the dignity of a profession in the person of "Christian of the Cleek."

The popular hero of the renewed guerrilla warfare was the Knight of Liddesdale. He was a Douglas of Lothian, and was thought to have revived the glories of his cousin, the good Sir James. But not even such brilliant feats as the surprise of Edinburgh Castle could render the comparison, still less his appellation as the Flower of Chivalry, appropriate. For his nature was deeply tainted with treachery, and his memory is forever blackened by one terrible crime. Sir Alexander Ramsay, a soldier no less illustrious than himself, had fought by his side during nine years; they were friends, comrades, associates in the same hopes and in the same cause, until jealousy came between.

In reward for Ramsay's gallant storming of Roxburgh Castle, the king, in an evil hour, substituted him for Douglas in the shrievalty of Teviotdale. Furious at the undesigned slight, the lord of Liddesdale thought only of revenge. His friend was kidnapped by his orders, while in the discharge of his judicial duties, carried off to his stronghold of the Hermitage, and there deliberately starved to death. His dungeon was situated beneath a granary, the gaping floor of which allowed some grains of oats to fall at the prisoner's feet; and by their means he kept death at bay for seventeen days, hoping no doubt to the last for a rescue. But the Hermitage was remote and unassailable; and outrage had in those evil times even a longer start of the crippled powers of order than when Phœnix made his mellifluous speech in the tent of Achilles. The dark vault inexorably closed on Sir Alexander Ramsay was reopened by no indignant vindicator, but by an inquisitive workman after four hundred and fifty years. What he found was some human bones mouldering beside a heap of oaten husks, a bridle, saddle, and sword.* The scene was not unsuitable to the tragedy thus revealed.†

Hermitage Castle relieves with its sullen towers the monotony of a landscape as desolate as the "glooming flats" that met the weary gaze of Mariana. It is a place of evil repute. "Soulis, the lord of grammar," had his "warlock chamber" therein. To the keeping of his familiar fiend it is notorious that he committed the keys when he went away to his ghastly doom on the Nine-stane Rig. If the castle walls have stood the wear and tear of many centuries, it is only because, according to another savage tradition, its builders cemented its foundations with

human blood. Yet, even so, they have notably sunk under the weight of iniquity they carry. To be sure, the soil for miles around is of a boggy nature. Red Rinnan's return to the castle, "riding all alone," as the ballad describes him, is not without significance in a question of subsidence:—

To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—"Where did ye stable my stalwart
steeds,
And where do they tarry all?"

"We stabled them sure on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure," quoth he;
"Before we could cross the quaking moss,
They were all lost but me."

The slayer of Ramsay was himself slain by a kinsman. William, first Earl of Douglas, was the son of the luckless regent Archibald. He returned from France about 1348 to find that his patrimonial estates had been freely dealt with during his minority. Chief among the offenders was his guardian and godfather, the "dark knight," who had not only appropriated the vale of the Liddel with its dreaded keep of the Hermitage, but later (as came to be known long after his death) he had purchased release from captivity in England by traitorously consenting to hold them as the vassal of Edward III. His godson waited five years for his remedy and revenge. They were of the primitive kind unhappily not yet grown wholly out of use. The disciples of the Land League still beat out the brains of poor Irish "land-grabbers" in precisely the same spirit as that in which the head of the house of Douglas waylaid his victim while hunting in Ettrick Forest, and made a simultaneous end of his sport and of his life. The romantic coloring given to the crime in ballad literature is dissipated by Mr. Fraser's demonstration that the Countess of Douglas, letting her "tears down fall" "for the Knight of Liddesdale," was a purely fictitious personage. Douglas was not an earl at the time, and he was unmarried.

The murderer none the less prospered. He regained and added to his alienated territories. He was the soul of the patriotic resistance to the lawless ambition of our third Edward. The skill of his dispositions procured for the English invaders the bootless misery of a "Burnt Candlemas" in East Lothian. He was created Earl of Douglas January 26, 1358, and succeeded, through his wife, to the earldom of Mar in 1374. His son married

* The huge bit of the bridle came into Sir Walter Scott's possession, and was by him presented to the Earl of Dalhousie, lineal descendant of Sir Alexander Ramsay. (Tales of a Grandfather, c. xv.)

† In the highly interesting and picturesque work on the "Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," by Mr. David Macgibbon and Mr. Thomas Ross, architects, recently published in Edinburgh, which we recommend to the notice of our readers, there is an elaborate account of Hermitage Castle, one of the most remarkable historic edifices in Scotland. The external walls are still well preserved, though the interior is a ruin. This castle, which stands about four miles from Riccarton Junction, was first built on the present site by Nicholas de Soulis in the reigns of Alexander II. and Alexander III. in the thirteenth century. William de Douglas, Knight of Liddesdale, got a grant of the castle from David II., from whom it passed to the Earls of Angus, who enlarged it in the fifteenth century. The central portion of the old structure still remains. The north-east tower contained a dungeon in which it is said that Sir Alexander Ramsay was confined and starved to death. But there is only a very small stone hatch in the vault, and no granary above it. So much for local tradition.

the daughter of the first Stuart king, and he himself is believed (though Mr. Fraser demurs) to have been a candidate for the throne on the extinction of the male line of the Bruce in 1371. Not even the dramatic retribution of a violent death overtook him. He expired of a fever in his ancestral castle, and was buried with due pomp in Melrose Abbey in May, 1384.

His son James, second Earl of Douglas, was the hero of Otterburn—a hero after the border minstrel's own heart, intrepid, chivalric, of giant strength, potent in single combat, yet a swift and skilful guerilla, and withal tinged with the prescient melancholy of the north. His raid into Northumberland in 1388 was a favorite subject for ballads both north and south of the Tweed. In the famous one of "Chevy-Chase,"* which moved Sir Philip Sidney's heart more than with a trumpet, the facts are varied almost beyond recognition; but several less imaginative versions have also been preserved. One of much beauty and pathos opens as follows:—

It fell about the Lammas-tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to drive a prey.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bamborough shire;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

There ensued a duel, in which Sir Henry Percy (Hotspur) lost his pennon, and obtained from his magnanimous foe the promise of an opportunity to recapture it, if he could, at Otterburn within three days. Douglas thereupon marched off his army, and prepared for battle in the appointed spot. His remaining there was an act of pure chivalry. There was nothing to prevent his retiring safely to Scotland with his prey. He, however, took every precaution to secure victory, and the remains of his camp, still conspicuous on the slopes of the Fawdon Hills, about thirty-two miles north-west of Newcastle, show that surprising diligence was exercised in fortifying the Scottish position. The Percys meanwhile hastily collected a force of about six hundred men-at-arms

and eight thousand infantry, outnumbering the Scots twice over, and marched for Otterburn.

The evening [of August 12] was well advanced [our author relates] when the English came in sight of the camp where the Scots, not expecting an attack so late in the day, were resting, some at supper, others asleep. Yet they were not altogether unprepared, as their plan of action had been arranged in case of a sudden attack, a piece of forethought on which Froissart bestows much praise. In the hurry of arming, when the first onslaught was made, and the war cry of "Percy! Percy!" rang through the camp, it is said part of Douglas's armor was left unfastened, and the Earl of Moray fought all night without his helmet. The Scots were fortunately favored by a mistake made by the English in their attack. Percy and his men reached the neighborhood of the Scottish camp unnoticed in the gathering shades of evening, and halted, it is believed, on a rising ground which lay to the left of the camp, towards Newcastle, where arrangements for the onset were made, as Hotspur resolved to lose no time, not even to rest his followers. He detached a small force under Sir Thomas Umfraville and his brother to pass on his own right to the northward of the Scots and cut off their retreat, or to attack the Scots in rear while they were engaged with Percy. Sir Henry Percy then led the main body over the rising ground, straight towards the entrance to the camp, which, as already stated, was on the eastern side, where also the plunder was piled and the servants were lodged, whose huts, in the twilight, the English mistook for those of their masters. This delayed them, for not only was the camp well fortified, but the servants made a stout defence, and as the alarm and the English war cries sounded over the camp, Douglas and his fellow leaders had time to make their dispositions for resistance.

The first move was to despatch a body of infantry to the aid of the servants to keep the English engaged. The rest of the Scots ranged themselves under their three principal leaders, who each knew what to do. The English soon drove back the servants, but as they forced their way further into the camp they found themselves still steadily opposed. In the mean time a large body of the Scots, under the Earl of Douglas, left the camp in silence, drew off towards a rising ground on the northward, and marching rapidly round, fell suddenly on the flank of the English, with shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" This unexpected attack, made, as Wyntown asserts, by no fewer than twelve displayed banners, disconcerted the English; but they rallied bravely, and formed into better order. The war cries of the leaders now resounded on every side, and as the moon was shining the combat increased in intensity.

Froissart, who wrote from the account of eyewitnesses and combatants, says that at the

* The word "Chevy-Chase," though connected by tradition with the Cheviot Hills, is really a corruption of *chevauchée*, Norman-French for a "raid." (Barton's History of Scotland, vol. ii., p. 366, 2nd ed.)

first encounter many on both sides were struck down. The Englishmen kept well together, and fought so fiercely that the Scots were at first driven back. Then the Earl of Douglas advanced his banner, to which the banner of the Percys was soon opposed, and a severe fight raged in which the Scots had rather the worst, and even the Douglas pennon was for a time in danger. Knights and squires, says the historian, were of good courage, and both sides fought valiantly: cowards there had no place. The combatants met so closely that the archers could not use their bows, but the battle was waged by hand-to-hand conflict. The leaders especially were emulous of victory. When the weight and numbers of the English made their foes give way, the Earl of Douglas, "of great harte and hygh of enterprise," seized his battleaxe, or, according to some, a heavy mace, with both hands, and rushed into the thick of the fight. Here he made way for himself in such manner that none dare approach him, and went forward "lyke a hardy Hector, wyllynge alone to conquer the felde, and to dyscomfyte his enemyes." He was well supported by his followers, who, inspired by the prowess of their noble leader, pressed upon and forced back the English, though fighting was difficult in the dim light. At last, the earl was encountered by three spears at once; one struck him on the shoulder, another on the breast, "and the stroke glented downe to his belly." The third spear struck him on the thigh, and sore hurt with all three wounds, the hero was by sheer force borne down to the ground. As he fell he was struck on the head with an axe, and round his body the press was so great that no aid could be given to him, while a large number of the English in retreat marched over him.

Fortunately, when the Earl was struck down, his rank and identity were unrecognized by the English, or the issue of the conflict might have been very different. The English falling back, those Scottish knights who had closely followed Douglas came up to the spot where their leader had fallen. Beside him lay one of his personal attendants, Sir Robert Hart, while the Earl's chaplain, Richard Lundie, defended the body of the prostrate hero. The Earl's kinsman, Sir James Lindsay, with Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, were the first to reach their chief. The scene which followed is one of the most affecting in the annals of chivalry. When asked how he did, the dying Earl replied, "Right evil; yet, thank God, but few of my ancestors have died in their beds. I am dying, for my heart grows faint, but I pray you to avenge me. Raise my banner, which lyeth near me on the ground; shew my state neither to friend or foe, lest mine enemies rejoice, and my friends be discomfited." So saying, the Earl expired, with his war cry sounding in his ears, as Sir John Sinclair raised the fallen pennon, and his friends renewed the fight, first covering their leader's body with a mantle.

Obedying the last words of the brave Douglas, his friends shouted his name with increased energy, as if he were still in the forefront of the fray. They pressed upon the foe with vigor, being reinforced by the Earl of Moray and his men, who, attracted by the shouts of "Douglas! Douglas!" rallied to the cry, and so stoutly did the Scots follow the banner of the slain Earl, that the English were driven back far beyond where his body lay. And this, indeed, was the last charge, and virtually decided the contest in favor of the Scots, as the English, tired with their long journey from Newcastle, though they had fought valiantly, now began to break their ranks, and in a short time were in full retreat. In another part of the field also, the strenuous efforts of the Earls of March and Moray had turned the tide of conquest, and Sir Ralph Percy was a prisoner.

So a supposed prophecy and the earl's "dreary dream" were realized:—

I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.

Hence also Home's lines in the tragedy of "Douglas":—

Hosts have been known at that dread sound
to yield,
And Douglas dead, his name hath won the
field.

Froissart states [Mr. Fraser continues] that of the English about one thousand and forty were taken or slain on the field, and upwards of eight hundred in the pursuit, while more than a thousand were wounded. The Scots, he says, had one hundred slain, and two hundred made prisoners, the latter chiefly because of their impetuosity in pursuit. The number of prisoners taken by the Scots was very great, and the amount of their ransoms equalled 200,000 francs. But the rejoicing on this account, and because of the victory, was greatly mingled with sorrow at the death of the Earl of Douglas. His body was placed on a bier, and borne on the second day after the battle to the Abbey of Melrose. There his funeral obsequies were performed with due ceremony two days later, and he was buried under a tomb of stone, over which his banner was left to wave.

Percy's pennon, the capture of which had such tragic results, is still preserved in the family of Douglas of Cavers, who, with the Douglasses of Drumlanrig and Dukes of Queensberry, claim an illegitimate descent from the slain victor of Otterburn.

He was succeeded in the earldom by Archibald, surnamed the Grim, shown by Mr. Fraser to have been an illegitimate son of Sir James Douglas, the Bruce's friend. His *début* on the historical stage was made at Poitiers, where he met with an adventure described as follows:—

When young Archibald, called "Blac Archibalde," son of Sir James Douglas, was taken prisoner, it was not known who he was, but as he wore very splendid armor his captors believed him to be some great lord. Late in the evening after the battle, when the prisoners met in the lodging in the town of Poitiers, Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, seeing Douglas and desiring to effect his release, looked on him, and, as if in a great passion, exclaimed, "O treacherous rascal, why have you stolen the armor of your lord, my cousin? Cursed be the hour in which you were born; for he sought you the whole day, and not finding you in camp, going forth unarmed, was slain by a flying arrow. Come here, and pull off my boots." Douglas carried on the farce, approached in a trembling manner, and kneeling down, pulled off one boot, with which Ramsay beat him about the head. The English interposed, assuring Ramsay that Douglas was certainly the son of some great noble. "No," said he, "he is a scullion and a rascal." Then, to Douglas, he added, "Go, you villain, to the field, and search among the slain for your master's body, that it may have at least a decent burial." He then ransomed the feigned serving-man for forty shillings, and striking him again, bade him begone. Douglas bore the buffets patiently, and made his escape as quickly as possible; for, if the English had known who he was, they would certainly not have liberated him for his weight of gold. (Vol. i., p. 322.)

It is added that he was dark, but not comely in countenance, more resembling "a cook boy than a noble." Yet this grim Archibald, "cook boy" though he looked, was a man of strenuous and not ignoble deeds. He owed the lordship of Galloway, granted to him by David II. in 1369, to his proved capacity for over-awing the turbulent Galwegians; and the vigor of his administration is still visibly attested by the formidable ruins of Thrieve Castle, built by him on an islet in the Dee.* Conspicuous and significant above the entrance is a projecting stone, or "gallows knob," of which the appropriate "tassel" was a dangling and struggling human body. By compendious methods of this kind order was restored, protection was afforded to the peaceable in consideration of certain fat heifers, punctually driven in to Thrieve; and the raiding and reiving Galwegian barons were taught to know their stern master. His prowess against the English in 1377 is thus described by Froissart:—

* Thrieve or Threave Castle is a lofty stronghold of the Douglasses, situated only two miles from Castle Douglas in Kirkcubrightshire. The "hanging stone" is one of the corbels projected to receive a boarding for the defence of the gateway. It was undoubtedly built by Archibald the Grim Douglas towards the end of the fourteenth century.

Sir Archibald Douglas was a good knight, and much feared by his enemies; when near to the English, he dismounted, and wielded before him an immense sword, whose blade was two ells long, which scarcely another could have lifted from the ground, but he found no difficulty in handling it, and gave such terrible strokes that all on whom they fell were struck to the ground; and there were none so hardy among the English able to withstand his blows. (Vol. ii., p. 225, Johnes.)

The grim earl left the power of his family considerably augmented. Through his wife, Joanna Moray, he became possessed of Bothwell and wide tracts in the north of Scotland; the whole of Galloway was annexed by grant or purchase; he scornfully refused a dukedom, when the title was introduced into Scotland in 1398; he successfully outbid the Earl of March for the honor of a royal alliance, his daughter Marjory becoming wife to the miserable Rothesay, and hence finding a niche in "The Fair Maid of Perth." He died at Thrieve on Christmas eve, 1400, much regretted and belauded by contemporary writers. Wyntoun describes him as "a lord of great bounty, of steadfastness and clear loyalty, of good devotion, and bearing a high character for justice." Another monk historian says that the "grim or terrible" earl "surpassed other Scots of his time in worldly prudence, bravery, and boldness, wealth and possessions. He was also very just, though rigorous in his judgments, and faithful to his promises. Wherever he went he was surrounded by a great company of knights and brave men. "He held the servants of the Church in great honor, and was not burdensome to monasteries or churches." (Vol. i., p. 351.)

His son and successor, another Archibald, is confounded with him in Scott's striking portrait of a "tremendous" Earl of Douglas, dreaded "alike from the extent of his lands, from the numerous offices and jurisdictions with which he was invested, and from his personal qualities of wisdom and valor, mingled with indomitable pride and more than the feudal love of vengeance."*

The fourth earl married the eldest daughter of Robert III., and was thus doubly allied to the crown, which, indeed, made but a poor figure beside his coronet. He combined with Albany to throw the heir apparent, his brother-in-law Rothesay, into prison; whose quickly ensuing death was officially decreed to have occurred "by the visitation of Providence, and *not other-*

* Fair Maid of Perth, c. ix.

wise." Yet the "otherwise" thus anxiously excluded has survived as at least a dark doubt in history.

The career of this second Archibald was more splendid than fortunate. His military ill luck, in fact, procured him his surname of the Tineman, or Loser; since in almost every one of the many battles fought by him, he was either defeated, wounded, or taken prisoner. More than once he incurred all these mischances simultaneously. For instance, at Halidon Hill, September 14, 1402, where, his generalship showing more valor than discretion, the "cloth yard long" English arrows made havoc of his army, and he himself, though clad in armor which had cost three years' labor to fashion, was wounded in five places, including the loss of an eye. While the prisoner of Hotspur, he concerted with him the revolt crushed by Henry IV. at Shrewsbury. How the "renowned Douglas" bore him on that day, Shakespeare, with something of a poet's freedom, has told us. This time he owed his captivity to the stumbling of his horse, and it lasted nominally ten years, although during most of that time he was a prisoner only by proxy.

In the last and most brilliant episode of his life, he remained, more tragically than before, a "tineman." In March, 1424, he landed at Rochelle at the head of ten thousand knights and foot-soldiers. On April 18, he swore fealty to Charles VII. at Chatillon-sur-Indre, was by him appointed lieutenant-general of the French forces, and invested with the great duchy of Touraine. This splendid gift conferred virtual sovereignty over one of the fairest regions in France. The rights reserved to the crown affected mainly Church patronage; substantially the administration was independent within the loose limits of feudal obligations. The entry of the new duke into Tours, along streets hung with tapestry and carpeted with flowers, and his solemn reception at the cathedral by the archbishop and clergy in full canonicals, formed a gay and gorgeous pageant, such as he was little used to. But more sombre and more congenial scenes quickly claimed him. The fatal battle of Verneuil was fought August 17, 1424. It was fought on the prearranged terms of "no quarter," consequently a vast proportion of those engaged in it perished, and the Scottish allies of King Charles were all but exterminated. Among the slain were the Earl of Douglas and his second son; and their bodies, ransomed from the English, were quietly laid in one grave in the

middle of the choir of the same cathedral church of Tours which they had lately entered in triumphant pomp.

To the Tineman succeeded a third Archibald, already notable as the Earl of Wigton and Longueville. Notable chiefly for a victory over the Duke of Clarence at Baugé in 1421, which won him his French title; but scarcely less so for keeping his head on his shoulders when James I. returned from his long captivity with vengeance in his heart. He appears to have steered his course both loyally and adroitly through the breakers of those troublous times; and the pre-eminence of his position was recognized, after the murder of the king in 1437, by his appointment as lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His administration was, however, short; for he died of fever, June 26, 1439. The noble Gothic monument erected to him in St. Bride's forms the subject of a beautiful illustration in the first of the volumes under review. He left two sons, and a daughter known as the "Fair Maid of Galloway."

After his death, the house of Douglas toppled rapidly towards its fall. William, sixth Earl of Douglas and third Duke of Touraine, was a lad under fifteen when he inherited almost regal power. Allowing for a slight stretch of rhetoric, he might have ridden on his own land from Garioch to Galloway; two-thirds of the territory south of the Forth owned his lordship, which extended besides over sundry large patches in northern counties, to say nothing of his splendid inheritance in France. No wonder, then, if his young head were turned, as it undoubtedly was. His arrogance and ostentation were such as to excite suspicion of deeper designs, which, at the worst, can have been but in embryo. He maintained an unheard-of state and magnificence, rode abroad attended by a couple of thousand followers, dubbed knights with his own hand, appointed a council for the management of his affairs, and was altogether a rising phenomenon of a somewhat menacing aspect. Crichton, the chancellor, and Livingstone, the king's guardian, thought so, and took their precautions accordingly. The boy earl and his brother were enticed to Edinburgh by "pleasant writings;" and after some days of joyous companionship with the king (then ten years old), who conceived a passionate attachment for them, an entertainment was provided, at which (according to Boece's version of the affair) a black bull's head, the well-known token of impending death, made

its ominous appearance. The doomed youths sprang to their feet and drew their swords, but were quickly overpowered. A mock trial followed, after which the brothers, amid the tears and lamentations of the young king, were hurried out to the castle yard, and there instantly beheaded. This tragedy, enacted November 24, 1440, is commemorated in the popular rhyme:

Edinburgh castle, toun, and tour,
God grant you sink for sin,
And that even for the black dinnour
Earl Douglas gat therein.

The Douglas inheritance now fell to pieces. The duchy of Touraine, on the failure of heirs male of the first duke, reverted to the French crown; the lordship of Galloway devolved upon the sister of the slaughtered youths; while the entailed estates passed to James, Earl of Avondale, son of the Grim Archibald, and himself distinguished as the Gross. He enjoyed his accession of dignity but three years; and with his two sons, who in turn succeeded him, the roll-call of the Earls of Douglas comes to an end. The darkest chapter in the whole story is furnished by the life of William, the eighth earl.

Through his inherited position [writes Mr. Fraser] and his own personal qualities, he soon rose to be not only one of the most distinguished of his great race, but the foremost peer in Scotland. During his possession of the earldom the Douglasses reached the full zenith of their power, while his untimely death was the beginning of their decline and fall. The meagre history of the reign in which he lived prevents a just estimate of his character, though, according to the chroniclers of that time, he was the most prominent figure in Scotland; but the pictures drawn by them of this Earl are too deeply prejudiced to be altogether trustworthy. The territories of his family were the most extensive in Scotland, and the power thus placed in the Earl's hands was very great. No other Scottish noble ever gained such an independent position in the realm. The struggle between the Scottish Crown and the feudal aristocracy of Scotland may be said to have been fought between King James the Second and this Earl, and from the moment when Douglas fell by the royal dagger in Stirling Castle, and his honors and estates passed into weaker hands, the conflict was virtually decided in favor of the former.

By his marriage with his cousin Margaret, the Fair Maid of Galloway, the eighth earl reunited that great appanage to his entailed estates, and he wielded the power thus consolidated in a way to make it formidable to every peaceable inhabitant of the realm. His haughty and over-

bearing temper, his fierce activity, courage, and talent, combined with vast territorial influence to place in his hands unbounded facilities for disturbance and aggrandizement. An army of forty thousand retainers was at his absolute command. In 1448 he employed it to repel and retaliate for an English invasion; but it was equally available for civil war. His operations against Crichton in 1443 received some color of legality from his recent appointment as lieutenant-general; but he was no less ready to defy than to appropriate the royal authority.

Foremost among the outrages with which he stands charged is the murder of Maclellan, called the "tutor of Bomby." He appears to have been a thoroughly respectable man, whose only crime was that he continued loyal at a time when the Earl of Douglas was incensed with the king. This, however, was intolerable; the lord of Galloway was not one to brook opposition within his own domain. The castle of Bomby was accordingly assaulted, and Maclellan carried off to Thrieve, where he remained until Sir Patrick Gray, his mother's brother, came spurring in with a royal mandate for his immediate release and surrender to the messenger. It was obeyed by the delivery of his headless corpse. Douglas had taken the precaution to have his prisoner decapitated before breaking the seal.

No less audacious was the execution of Sir John Herries, in the teeth of the king's command; and the example of truculence was freely copied by retainers sure of countenance in the most villanous excesses. It is true that Mr. Fraser throws doubt on all such stories, but he avowedly takes the friendly side wherever a Douglas is concerned; and the attempt to turn the eighth earl into a dutiful and law-abiding subject can only be described by the phrase *laterem lavare*. The brick is, so to speak, all stain. One might sooner pulverize than cleanse it.

This earl was often at Thrieve Castle, and we are told that in his time the gallows knob rarely lacked its tassel. Yet in judging such rough dealings, place and epoch have to be taken into account. In a certain limited sense we are bound to admit that crimes, like virtues, "lie in the interpretation of the time." The brutal kind of justice meted out at Thrieve was absolutely the only form of that commodity available. The Earl of Douglas was supreme justiciary within his own territory. No king's writ ran in those days in Galloway or Douglasdale.

Picturesque incidents there were, too, as well as savage ones, in the turbulent career of Earl William. Such was the tournament held at Stirling in 1449 in honor of Burgundian visitors, where Douglas appeared with a retinue of five thousand followers; and two of the three Scottish champions were members of his family. Nor was his "pilgrimage" in the ensuing jubilee year less spectacularly effective. He travelled with a princely train, and was received with princely honors at Rome, as well as on his return by way of London, where the Garter king at arms received orders to attend him during his stay, and to conduct him to court.

Meantime, not only were his enemies active in his rear, but his friends were ill advised, and probably worse behaved. He averted imminent disgrace by hurrying home, presenting himself unexpectedly to the king, and winning, by the charm of his manners, and the apparent sincerity of his submission, amnesty for the past and the promise of future favor. Nevertheless, he was still alarmed and dissatisfied, consequently more restless and dangerous than before. The instability of his fortunes had become startlingly manifest to him; he looked anxiously about for means to secure them. An attempt to waylay and assassinate Chancellor Crichton failing, he entered into a league, offensive and defensive, with the great northern Earls of Crawford and Ross. The first of these two potentates was known as "Earl Beattie," or the "Tiger"; the second was the formidable Lord of the Isles. There can be no reasonable doubt that treason, potential if not actual, lay in the terms of an alliance subversive of anything like settled government or constituted authority. Thoroughly roused, the king sent for Douglas to Stirling; and he obeyed the summons, under safe-conduct it is true, but with haughty confidence in his personal ascendancy to bring him victoriously through the crisis.

The king [Mr. Fraser tells us] received him graciously, and invited him to dine and sup next day. Douglas found the courtiers talking of his bond with Crawford and Ross, and probably guessed the king's purpose, but accepted the invitation. After supper the king invited the Earl to a private conference, remonstrated with him against the bond, which he charged him to break, urging his duty as a subject. But Douglas, perhaps heated by wine, refused, and the interview waxing warm, the Earl defiantly declared that he would not break the confederacy. Starting to his feet, the king exclaimed, "False traitor! if you

will not, I shall!" and stabbed Douglas twice with his dagger, in the neck and in the body. Ere the Earl could recover himself, Sir Patrick Gray rushed into the chamber, and struck him on the head with a poleaxe, while others in attendance also stabbed the fallen Earl, whose dead body bore no fewer than twenty-six wounds.

His mangled body, flung carelessly out of the window, was picked up and privately interred in the Dominican Church at Stirling. And thus ended, by a ferocious outbreak of kingly passion, the career of the most powerful and most unbridled of the nine Earls of Douglas.

His four brothers, of whom the eldest, James, was recognized as his successor, rushed to arms to avenge his death, and with them more than half Scotland. The array seemed invincible; James II. quailed, and was on the point of throwing up the game and flying to France, when Archbishop Kennedy encouraged him with the apologue of the bundle of sticks to try the effects of negotiation. Apart and skilfully the confederated lords were accordingly dealt with. Angus and Huntley came in at once; Crawford submitted upon defeat; Douglas himself, after much bloodshed, was brought to terms. It was, indeed, only a truce which was thus patched up; the king was fully resolved to trample down a race which had grown beyond the proportions of subjects, and had become a standing menace to the throne. "Nec minus periculum," Tacitus says, "ex magna fama quam ex mala." The end came in 1455. James collected his forces, and the ninth earl offered but a feeble resistance. The Douglas strongholds were beleaguered and taken; the Douglas armies were defeated, notably at Arkinholme, in the valley of the Esk. The siege of Thrieve Castle was directed by the king in person; and the presence and agency in bringing about a surrender of the celebrated "Mons Meg" are fairly well authenticated. A less reliable tradition asserts that the second shot from the "great bombard" penetrated the massive walls, and carried off the right hand of the Fair Maid of Galloway as she sat in the banqueting hall and was about to raise the winecup to her lips. In token of the truth of the story, a massive gold ring was shown, bearing the inscription "Margaret de Douglas," which, found among the ruins early in the present century, is supposed to have been blown into the rubbish-heap of crumbling masonry with the delicate hand it adorned.

It was all over now with the Black

Douglases. The last earl was a fugitive in England; he had neither son nor successor; his brothers were slain or proscribed; his estates forfeited. Captured in a border foray in 1484, he was relegated to the Abbey of Lindores, and there died after four years of seclusion. It is said that James III., in the sore strait which led him to Sauchieburn, offered him full pardon and restoration if only the magic of his name might be lent to the royal cause; but received the melancholy answer, "Too late." Both king and earl were dead within the year.

There has never since been an Earl of Douglas. Three marquises of the name, one duke, and six barons, including the present Earl of Home, have succeeded each other; but the earldom has not been revived. The Earl of Morton is now the true representative of the house of Douglas.*

They were a great race, those old Douglases, and went down, it might be said, under full sail, with royals set, with every stitch of canvas drawing, with pennon flying at the masthead. They failed because the deeper spirit of the time was against them. Their side was the side of disintegration, and centralizing influences were evidently destined to prevail. All over Europe, the barons were collapsing in presence of the throne; the old chivalry was passing away; the old keen sense of local independence was growing weak; while the new monarchies were getting themselves into compact working order amid scenes and struggles such as those of the Douglas downfall.

Three great houses divided their spoils and rose on their ruins — the Hamiltons, the Scotts of Buccleugh, above all their kinsmen of Angus. The Red Douglases — so called from their fair complexions — sprang from the first Earl of Douglas. The bend sinister which crossed their shield proved no bar to their promotion. Induced to take the king's side against his outlawed relatives, the "great" Earl of Angus was rewarded with the lordship of Douglas, and rapidly pushed himself into the front place among the magnates of Scotland. Hence the saying that "the Red Douglases swallowed up the Black."

* The present (21st) Earl of Morton is descended in the direct male line from Sir John Douglas, younger brother of the Knight of Liddesdale. His descendant, Sir William Douglas of Lochleven, became sixth Earl of Morton on the death, without male issue, in 1588, of the eighth Earl of Angus, in whom the titles were, for the only time, combined; and the line of Morton earls has not since been broken.

His son, the fifth Earl of Angus, was famous as Archibald Bell-the-Cat. A brutally strong man, both in mind and muscle, he was yet capable of dying of heart-break. Under the sting of a personal affront from James IV. he rode off the field of Flodden before the battle, leaving, however, his two sons to fight and fall there. He was then advanced in years, and the stroke proved too heavy. Fulfilling his public duties to the last, though with the spring of life broken, he died after two months at St. Ninian's Monastery, whence his heart was brought to Douglas. Scott's graphic portrait of him in "Marmion" refers to a time just previous to the supreme disaster at "dark Flodden:" —

Beside him ancient Angus stood,
Doff'd his furr'd gown and sable hood;
O'er his huge form and visage pale
He wore a cap and shirt of mail;
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and sweeping brand
Which wont of yore, in battle fray,
His foeman's limbs to shred away,
As wood knife lops the sapling spray.
He seem'd as, from the tombs around
Rising at judgment day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, so huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look so grim.

The above-mentioned "huge and sweeping brand" was the same with one blow of which, in a duel with Spens of Kilsplindie, he had severed his thighbone, killing him on the spot; and it was presented by his descendant, the Earl of Morton, to Lord Lindsay of the Byres when he challenged Bothwell to single combat on Carberry Hill.* The feat, however, cost him the Hermitage, which James IV. obliged him, by way of penance for slaying a royal favorite, to exchange for Bothwell. His chief stronghold was "Tantallon vast," crowning in immemorial strength a sheer crag on the east Lothian coast: —

Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.

It remained, in fact, a virgin fortress until, in 1651, Cromwell's great guns battered a breach in its antique walls, thus accomplishing one of the two equal impossibilities of the adage: "To ding down Tantallon, and build a brig to the Bass."

The third son of Bell-the-Cat was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the translator of the *Æneid*;

* Note to canto vi. of *Marmion*.

whose meek and thoughtful eye
 Showed little pride of prelacy,
 More pleased that in a barbarous age
 He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page,
 Than that beneath his rule he held
 The bishopric of fair Dunkeld.

Scott points the contrast between his studious tastes and the rude manners of the rest of his family by putting into the mouth of the old earl, his father, the remark:—

Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
 Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.

In which, however, he did his martial brood a wrong. Their signatures, reproduced in facsimile by Mr. Fraser, show that they were not wholly unskilled in caligraphy. Thus poetical license is bridled by antiquarian research.

A more congenial spirit to Bell-the-Cat than the mild Gawain was his grandson, the bad, ambitious man who married our English Margaret, widow of James IV., and was divorced by her to the discredit of all concerned. The sixth Earl of Angus gained, however, by his royal alliance, besides the opportunity of playing a conspicuously mischievous part in the history of his country, the honor of counting her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, among his descendants. The Countess of Lennox, mother of Darnley, was the only child (besides a boy who died in infancy) of his marriage with the queen of Scotland.

The eleventh earl was "suspect of papistrie," chiefly, it would seem, on the ground of a visit to Rome; for whatever leanings towards Catholicism he may have had he suppressed. Assuredly, however, the Covenant, although he signed it, had an ill savor to him; and his royalism was consoled with the title of marquis on the occasion of Charles I.'s visit to Scotland in 1633, and chastised with imprisonment and a fine through his joining Montrose in 1645. His great-grandson was the solitary Douglas duke.

The charter conferring this added dignity was dated April 10, 1703, the new duke being then nine years old; and his hereditary privileges of first place in voting and fighting, and of bearing the crown in solemnities, were the subject of anxious and effectual protest on the part of his guardians when the Act of Union was passed four years later. Queen Anne herself took interest in his education, though to little purpose, since his Grace grew up haughty, illiterate, and eccentric. He was indeed far from being a bad or depraved man. Much to his own discomfort, he

possessed—what had been forgotten in the composition of many more personally distinguished scions of his race—a conscience. His whole life was clouded by an event which, dark and deplorable though it was, would scarcely have cost a Douglas of the good old school his dinner. The victim, Captain John Ker, was the duke's guest at Douglas Castle, when, by some miserable chance, he slew him with his own hand. The affair was never cleared up; it is, however, most improbable that there was any deliberate intent to kill. The unhappy shedder of the blood of one to whom he is stated to have been sincerely attached, instantly quitted the country, and returned, at the age of thirty, to lead a life of unhealthy seclusion, to some extent enforced by his unpopularity, but leaving him a prey to designing persons.

Towards the close of his life, the duke undertook the rebuilding of Douglas Castle. The plan chosen by him was that upon which the Castle of Inverary had recently been erected for the Duke of Argyll by the celebrated architect Adam; but he insisted that the Douglas pile should surpass Inverary by ten feet in each of its three dimensions. An ancient prophecy declared that as often as Douglas Castle was destroyed, it should rise again more spacious and splendid than before; but this time it remained an uncompleted fragment. The project of its restoration was too ambitious to be realized.

The duke had meanwhile transferred his residence to Edinburgh, where he was visited by Lord Shelburne, whose character sketch of him is worth extracting.

In Scotland, [he writes] I suppose I saw the last of the feudal lords like my ancestors, in the person of the last Duke of Douglas. When I was introduced to him at Holyrood House, by appointment, he met me at the top of the stairs with his hat and sword. Lord Dunmore, General Scot, the father of Lady Tichfield, and Mr. John Home, the poet, went with me. He (the Duke) spoke occasionally to Lord Dunmore, but not much, and did not open his lips to General Scot. When anything was said about his family, he nodded to Mr. John Home to narrate what regarded it. I happened to say something about the Highlands, which I had misapprehended or been misinformed about, at which Lord Dunmore laughed. The Duke drew up, and vindicated fully what I had said, signifying by his manner to Lord Dunmore his disapprobation. I told him that I had seen a new house he was building in the Highlands. He said he heard that the Earl of Northumberland was building a house in the north of England, the kitchen of which was as large as his whole

house; upon which, the Duchess, an enterprising woman, as may be seen from the famous Douglas cause, observed that if the Douglases were to meet the Percys once more in the field, then would the question be, whose kitchen was the largest? Upon this the Duke nodded to Mr. Home to state some of the great battles in which the Douglas family had distinguished themselves. I told him that I hoped to wait upon him in London. He said he feared not, he could be of no use there; he was not sufficiently informed to carry any weight there; he could neither read nor write without great difficulty. I told him that many of the greatest men in the history of both kingdoms could do neither, to which he assented. (Vol. ii., p. 470.)

The Duke of Douglas died at Edinburgh, July 21, 1761, after having vainly swallowed, by way of remedy for the irremediable evil of impending dissolution, a large quantity of quicksilver. His succession gave rise to the celebrated Douglas cause.

Lady Jane Douglas, his only sister, was born March 17, 1698. Nature was as generous to her as she had been niggardly with her brother. But destiny, alas! was less kind. The graces of her mind and person, her moral worth, religious principles, and affectionate disposition, failed to procure her favor and affection from none save just those on whom the happiness of her life depended. The lover of her youth, Lord Dalkeith, afterwards Duke of Buccleugh, jilted her on the eve of their marriage — an insult which stung her with such poignant anguish that she fled to France in male attire, resolved to bury her sorrow and disgrace (as she esteemed it) in a convent. Her purpose was frustrated; but for long years she would listen to no other suitor. She accordingly lived with her mother at Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh, until the marchioness's death in 1736, when she set up for herself at Drumsheugh House within that city. She was still beautiful and eminently attractive, and, her straitened circumstances notwithstanding, enjoyed the highest consideration from all classes. Not until ten years later did she determine to overcome her repugnance to matrimony. The object of her choice was Colonel Steuart, afterwards Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, baronet, described as "a prodigious fine figure of a man," of gallant bearing and lively conversation, who had long been devoutly attached to her. The marriage was privately celebrated August 4, 1746, Colonel Steuart being then fifty-nine years of age, and Lady Jane well advanced in her forty-eighth year. The trouble in

store for them was aggravated by unfortunate and reprehensible measures of secrecy.

The Duke of Douglas had in early life been warmly attached to his sister, but in 1738 his suspicious temper took umbrage at some imaginary slight from her, and the split was designedly widened into a total breach by the whisperers with whom he was surrounded. Towards Colonel Steuart his feelings were still more bitterly hostile. He detested him for his Jacobite leanings; he despised him for the inferiority of his rank. It was certain that Lady Jane's subsistence of 300*l.* a year would be withdrawn if her marriage with him became known; and since Colonel's Steuart's property was wholly of the negative kind dealt with more conveniently in algebraical calculations than in the practical transactions of life, the subtraction of the only *positive* factor in their income must be averted, it seemed to them, at all hazards.

Lady Jane, accordingly, started for the Continent, accompanied by her friend Mrs. Hewit, and was in England joined by her (still unavowed) husband. It was not until after the birth of twin sons, which occurred at Paris, July 10, 1748, that she wrote to inform her brother of the change in her condition. His resentment, it was hoped, might be softened by an event so auspicious; for he was unmarried, and his sister's children were his nearest heirs. But he remained obdurate as the nether millstone. Friends and relatives interceded; Lady Jane supplicated in vain. Her allowance was revoked; her husband was driven to take refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench. Only the humanity of Mr. Pelham in obtaining for her a pension of 300*l.* saved her from utter destitution. Her difficulties and her devotion are touchingly apparent in the following letter, written to her husband from her lodgings in Chelsea: —

Dear Mr. Steuart, — You may judge how low money matters are with me at present, by this most scurvy poor halfcrown I send you. I'm quite ashamed of it, and to conceal it from my servants, I have enclosed it well wrapt up in the pretty little money box, which ought to contain gold; wish to heaven I could send of that useful, but rare metal with us. This poor bit of silver I send just to procure you a little rappee.

Don't be in pain about money when the time of day rules come, for then I'll pawn my coat rather than you should want money for coming out every day, as long as these days of freedom last; keep but up your spirits as I

do mine; I am perfectly content, and easy as to myself, all my distress of mind is for you, lest you should be discouraged. . . . The children are well. Mrs. Hewit sends her kind compliments. Adieu, dear Mr. Steuart, I ever am, with the tenderest affection, intirely your's, — J. D. S. (Vol. ii., p. 500.)

A supreme effort towards reconciliation with the offended Douglas dignitary was made in April, 1753, when Lady Jane presented herself, with her two little boys, a suppliant for admission at the gate of Douglas Castle. The duke, it would seem, was disposed to yield; but the malign influence of a menial prevailed, and his sister was spurned, like a vagrant, from his door. Had he but consented to see his nephews, the calumny of their supposititious origin, sedulously instilled into his mind, must have been dissipated; for the younger, Sholto, closely resembled his mother, while Archibald's features were as unmistakably those of a Steuart.

The deep distress occasioned to her by this repulse, combined with the death of her little Sholto, broke Lady Jane's heart. She died at Edinburgh, November 22, 1753, "very much emaciated and decayed," but without recognized disease. Five years later the duke took what he doubtless regarded as the most effectual means for excluding her son from his inheritance, by marrying the beautiful "Peggy" Douglas of Mains. Yet it altogether failed. They had no children; and the duchess embraced the cause of his nephew so warmly, that a quarrel and temporary separation ensued. Eventually, however, her representations and his better nature were victorious. The duke recognized with deep regret the injustice and cruelty of his conduct, and made for it what amends he could by altering his will in favor of "dear sister Janie's bairn."

The question whether Archibald Steuart Douglas were properly so described (for this was the virtual issue) took eight years and cost probably 100,000*l.* to determine. His birth in a foreign country under obscure and even suspicious circumstances, coupled with the advanced age of his mother at the time, gave grounds for a strong case against him, which was worked up and argued with great ability. Never before had a private cause attracted so much public attention. The spirit of mediæval faction seemed to have revived under the excitement of the pleadings. Society was torn asunder by contention and recrimination; yet no one admitted the possibility of a doubt. Ab-

solute certainty was found on both sides. The Hamilton adherents were as fully assured that the defendant was the offspring of some ignoble Madame Mignon in a slum of Paris, as the opposite party that he was the true son of Lady Jane Douglas. The trial, a contemporary relates,

has been the prevailing topic of conversation, and has occasioned dispute and wrangling in almost every company. High and low, young and old, male and female, have interested themselves in this cause with a warmth equally unprecedented and unaccountable. The pleasure of society was for a long time embittered by altercation, and whole evenings dedicated to cheerfulness were spent in ridiculous contest.*

Some color of dignity was lent to these squabbles by the fact that three duchesses, all of them gifted and energetic women, marshalled the combatants. Her Grace of Douglas was the inspiring genius of the defence. After her husband's death, she devoted all her thought and time to securing the succession to his nephew. Impressive both in herself and in her surroundings, she "was the last of the nobility" (according to a tradition preserved by our author) "who, in paying visits, or in travelling about the country, were escorted by halberdiers," and "she was also accustomed when she visited any family to leave her dress behind her as a present." In championing the cause of her adoption, she was equally intrepid and untiring. She kept open house for the lawyers in Paris, where witnesses had to be sought and entanglements unravelled; in Edinburgh, at Queensberry House; and in London, when the appeal came on for hearing. She directed, stimulated, and controlled the entire proceedings, and the eventual victory was beyond question largely due to her influence. The Duchess of Queensberry, celebrated as Kitty Hyde when "beautiful, and young, and wild as colt untamed," by Prior, Pope, and Horace Walpole, was active on the same side; while the opposing female potentate was no less a personage than the lovely Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton, whose son, the heir male of the Douglasses, was the principal claimant of the late duke's estates.

We may here with advantage borrow Mr. Fraser's narrative.

The judges [he tells us] were equally divided in their opinions, and by the casting

* *Scots Magazine*, vol. xxix., p. 569.

vote of Lord President Dundas judgment was given against Mr. Douglas. During the litigation public opinion was much divided on the questions at issue. In the Douglas district people were unanimously in favor of Mr. Douglas, while in the country of the Hamiltons opinions were naturally in their favor. The same feeling prevailed to some extent in the metropolis. Each party had their partisans there. . . . Lord Campbell says that it had almost led to a civil war between the supporters of the opposite sides, and in England had excited more interest than any question of mere private right had done before.

The formal decree of the Court of Session was dated 15 July, 1767. It extends in manuscript to ten folio volumes, containing in all nine thousand six hundred and seventy-six pages. The adverse judgment was appealed to the House of Lords, where it was fought with as much if not greater keenness than in the Court of Session. The pleadings of counsel in the House of Lords occupied two months, January and February, 1769. During the pleadings the anxiety of the Duchess of Douglas was intense. Mr. Douglas, on the other hand, was quite composed.

Among the more exciting incidents of the trial was a duel between Thurlow, who achieved great fame as counsel for Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Andrew Stuart, agent for the Duke of Hamilton.

This affair of honor [our author continues] arose from remarks made by Mr. Thurlow in opening the case for Mr. Douglas on the conduct of Mr. Andrew Stuart, who felt aggrieved, and sent a challenge to fight next morning. Thurlow promised the desired meeting, but not until he had completed his arguments in favor of Mr. Douglas. After the hearing was concluded, the meeting took place, on the morning of Sunday, the 14th of January, 1769, in Hyde Park. Having discharged pistols at ten yards' distance without effect, they drew their swords, but the seconds interposed and put an end to the affair. Mr. Thurlow is said to have advanced and stood up to his antagonist "like an elephant." On his way to the field of battle he stopped to eat an enormous breakfast at a tavern near Hyde Park Corner.

The lord chancellor (Camden) and Lord Mansfield both spoke in favor of Mr. Douglas. Lord Camden regarded the case as "perhaps the most solemn and important ever heard" at the bar of the House of Lords. Lord Mansfield delivered himself with more earnestness than effect, notwithstanding that he fainted at the close of his oration.

After these speeches of the two greatest of the law Lords, the House of Lords, at ten o'clock at night, reversed the judgment of the

Court of Session, and affirmed the appeal in favor of Mr. Douglas, without a division. Thus practically ended the great Douglas cause.

In honor of this great victory, the Duchess of Queensberry, one of the two victorious Duchesses, gave a ball on Saturday, the 11th March, 1769. It was attended by several of the royal family, including the Duke of Cumberland and the Queen's two brothers, about 140 people, and six or seven and twenty couple of dancers. The ball was very fine. The Lord Chancellor invited himself, and seemed in very good spirits. His lady and daughter were invited. For that civility his Lordship wrote his thanks to the Duchess, adding that, if she would permit him, he would come and return his thanks in person. To which the Duchess answered in these words: "Katherine Queensberry says, Content upon her honor," this being the form of assent by the Lords in the House of Peers.

The Duchess of Hamilton continually brought up the Douglas cause to the King and Queen whenever she had an opportunity. But their Majesties never gave her an answer, and judiciously evaded the subject. The Duchess of Douglas, on the other hand, did not go out of her house, nor solicit any of the peers for their votes. After the judgment was pronounced in favor of Mr. Douglas, the Princess Amelia expressed her satisfaction, and her belief that the King and Queen were also pleased.

Amongst the partisans of the Duke of Hamilton was David Hume, the historian, who displayed great keenness, through his connection with Mr. Andrew Stuart. Contrary to his custom, Mr. Hume was much out of humor when the cause was decided by the Lords, and made several peevish remarks, which hurt him. After the final judgment, many pamphlets, including "Durando, a Spanish Tale," and letters continued to be published by partisans on either side. One of the ablest of these productions consisted of a series of letters addressed to Lord Mansfield by Mr. Andrew Stuart, against the opinion of his Lordship. But, while ably and even calmly written upon certain points, the feelings of the disappointed litigant appear throughout.

We rescue the following anecdote from the obscurity of a footnote (p. lxxxii.):—

So great was the excitement in London about the judgment in the Douglas cause, that Mr. John Home, the author of "Douglas," attributed the want of success of his tragedy of "The Fatal Discovery," and the thinness of audiences to hear it at the playhouses, to the absorbing interest of the Douglas cause. How different was the previously marked success of the tragedy of "Douglas," by the same author! Crowded and enthusiastic audiences night after night were gratified with it. Amidst the applause one more than ordinarily enthusiastic Scotch admirer was heard tri-

umphantly exclaiming, "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?"

If such was the feeling in London [we return to our author's text, vol. ii., p. 531] the popular excitement and expression in Scotland were much more enthusiastic. A private letter to Sir John Steuart of Grandtully, written when the news reached Edinburgh, says: "Your brother has carried his cause unanimously; no division of the House. God make us all thankful. . . . Send off to Ballachin instantly. This is glorious. The joy here is beyond description. The express is not in above half an hour, and the windows are mostly illuminated already." In another private letter, the popular feeling in Edinburgh is thus referred to: "An express arrived here at eight o'clock Thursday night, with the news of Mr. Douglas having prevailed, which was so agreeable to the people in general, that in a few minutes the whole houses were illuminated; all the windows to the street were broke by the mob before candles could be lighted. They began with the President's house, the Justice Clerk's, Lord Galloway's, etc., etc., upon which the military in the castle were called. Last night the mob were as numerous as ever. The houses were again illuminated last night, and it's thought the mob will continue this evening. The military continue still to patrol the streets; and, notwithstanding, I hear of no damage done except the breaking of windows, which indeed is general."

These demonstrations were directed chiefly against the judges who had given their votes in favor of the Hamilton claims; but no unfestive window was allowed to remain whole. The extent of the illuminations was hence an index to the fear of the inhabitants quite as much as to their joy.

With the consummation of his victory, the son of Lady Jane Douglas sank into useful and respectable mediocrity. He continued the rebuilding of Douglas Castle, was created in 1790 a British peer, with the title of Lord Douglas of Douglas, was twice married, and lived to the age of eighty. A writer in the *Glasgow Gazette* in 1863 could still recall his appearance:—

When he came into Glasgow, as he did frequently from Bothwell Castle, in his elegant carriage and four high-mettled blood horses, with their handsome outriders in their cockades, he received the most polite attention from gentle and simple, young and old. He was a hale hearty old man down to the day of his death.

Not one of his eight sons left issue, and the estates descended through his eldest daughter, Lady Montagu of Boughton, to her grandson, the present Earl of Home.

From Good Words.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "NO NEW THING," "MY FRIEND JIM,"
"MADEMOISELLE MERSAC," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A PROVINCIAL COTILLON.

"WELL, this is indeed an unexpected honor!" exclaimed Mrs. Greenwood when, on the evening of her dance, she advanced to welcome Gilbert Segrave and found herself confronted not only with that indispensable personage, but with the towering figure of his elder brother.

"You invited me, didn't you?" said Brian.

"Of course I did; and I have been inviting you to every entertainment that we have given since Kitty came out; but this is the first time that you have deigned to accept my invitation."

"Shall I go away again?" asked the young man, smiling.

"No, indeed! Now that you have come, you will have to stay till the very end of the evening, and dance twice as much as anybody else to make up for lost time."

It seemed, however, that Brian had not come to Mrs. Greenwood's dance with any intention of doing his duty. When his hostess left him he did not make even a pretence of seeking for a partner, but backed into a recess, where he stood with folded arms, surveying the scene, occasionally nodding to some man of his acquaintance, but apparently failing to recognize any friend among the ladies.

A provincial ball-room generally presents a cheerful and animated spectacle to lookers-on, whose spirits are more liable to be affected by the aspect of the dancers than by that of the room itself. Mural decoration is probably neither conspicuous nor costly; but the people who attend these gatherings appear to do so with a view to enjoying themselves, and look not less happy over their dancing than they do profoundly dejected over their dinner-parties. In London, on the other hand, in spite of all the money that is spent upon flowers and suppers and ingenious systems of lighting, the tendency would seem to be rather in the contrary direction. But Brian was not occupied in drawing comparisons, for which, indeed, he did not possess the necessary data; nor, judging by the gradual look of disappointment which settled down upon his face, did he find the energetic capers of his fellow-guests in the least exhilarating

to contemplate. Pretty little Miss Greenwood found him out after a time and tried to entice him out of his retreat; but he alleged that he was too poor a performer to adventure himself in such a crowd, and, to avoid further importunity, sidled away, leaving her to wonder why, if he did not mean to dance, he had taken the trouble to put on his evening clothes and stick a gardenia and a spray of maidenhair in his buttonhole.

If this problem had interested her much, and if she had had leisure to study the features of its subject, she might have been able to bring forward a plausible solution a few minutes after the clocks struck eleven. It was at that unheard-of hour that Miss Huntley, whose experience of provincial habits was limited, thought fit to put in an appearance; and her hostess's ejaculation of "At last! Why, we gave you up more than an hour ago!" drew forth no apology from her. It would be doing her a great injustice to say that she had purposely arrived late, with a view to effect; but it is likely enough that she was not insensible to the very obvious stir created by her entrance, for she resembled all other women, good and bad, in liking admiration. She was dressed very simply in two shades of pink; but then she employed a dressmaker whose simple frocks cost a great deal more than any inhabitant of Kingscliff ever thought of paying for an elaborate one; so that it really was not easy for those good ladies to examine her without a bitter sense of the inequalities of life. Still they abstained as far as they could from saying ill-natured things about her, and tried not to notice the deplorable taste exhibited by their partners in staring at her, as though a pretty or a well-dressed woman had never been seen in the west of England before.

Miss Huntley moved down the room, escorted by the admiral, who had all his life appreciated feminine beauty very highly, and followed by Miss Joy, resplendent in ruby velvet. When she recognized Brian she greeted him with a little nod and a bright smile, which drew him out of his corner as a magnet draws a needle.

"How do you do?" she said; "I thought I should perhaps meet you here this evening. Admiral Greenwood, I mustn't monopolize you any longer; but it would be very kind of you if you would find a seat for Miss Joy somewhere."

Then, as the admiral obediently retired, with Miss Joy on his arm, she continued:

"Yes; I had an idea that we should meet to-night, although you told me that you were not much of a ball-goer. And do you know what I have done in anticipation of this pleasure? I have kept the cotillon for you."

Brian was so gratified, and at the same time so very much astonished, that these emotions quite deprived him for the moment of the use of his tongue. Miss Huntley looked at him, laughing softly.

"Am I going to be put to the open shame of a refusal?" she asked. "It will serve me right if I am. Please spare my feelings, though, by saying how very sorry you are that you are already engaged."

"But I am not engaged," answered Brian eagerly; "and if you will really do me such an honor—only I think I ought in honesty to tell you that I have never taken part in a cotillon in my life."

"I will teach you," said Miss Huntley composedly. "Wasn't there a sort of understanding between us that you were to be my pupil in certain accomplishments?"

"I shall be only too proud if you will undertake my education. But won't you give me a dance before the cotillon begins?"

Miss Huntley glanced at some ivory tablets which hung from her fan.

"Ah, I don't know about that; I am afraid you are a little late. You ought to have asked me the day before yesterday. However, I think I can manage to let you have the last waltz on the list, if that will do. And now will you do me a favor?"

"Of course I will."

"Then go and dance with Miss Joy."

Brian looked slightly taken aback.

"Does she dance?" he asked.

"Yes, when she is asked; and she dances very well too. I don't want to pass my partners on to her, because if I do she thinks they only ask her to please me; but you might introduce one or two people to her, might you not?"

Now Miss Joy was a lady of imposing proportions, and no stretch of charity could have set down her age at less than two or three and forty; so that Brian could only say doubtfully, "Weil, I will do my best." But his reply was not heard by Miss Huntley, who had already moved away on the arm of a partner.

Brian's step was an erratic *deux-temps*, acquired with much difficulty in boyhood, and not transmutable into anything resembling the more graceful movements which go by the name of waltzing in these days. Such as it was, Miss Joy speedily fell into it, and by personal solidity and skilful

control of momentum, got him twice round the room without a mishap; so that when she paused, he remarked with some complacency, "I think we did that rather well."

"Very well indeed," she agreed. "Suppose we sit down for a few minutes now." And then she threw her partner into utter confusion by saying placidly: "I suppose Beatrice told you to dance with me, didn't she?"

"She told me that you were a very good dancer," he replied; "and I am sure that is quite true."

Miss Joy broke into a loud, but not unmusical laugh. She had a pleasant, honest full-moon of a face, Brian noticed, surrounded by a sort of halo of fluffy, light-brown hair, which was brushed up from her forehead. She opened her mouth very wide, and her little pale blue eyes disappeared altogether when she laughed.

"I ought to know something about dancing," said she; "I was a dancing-mistress in London for fifteen years."

"Were you indeed?" said Brian, much interested.

"Yes; it is more than fifteen years since I found it necessary to do something for my living. Not being very well educated, I thought I had better try to teach the one thing that I was really capable of teaching; so I applied at a ladies' school and soon established a large connection; for I have always been a most fortunate woman and have met with the greatest kindness everywhere. It was at a school that I first became acquainted with my dear Beatrice—such a charming girl as she was! Fond of taking her own way, no doubt; but what better way could she take, I should like to know? The schoolmistress used to moan and groan over her, because she was not like other girls; and it is not everybody who can make her out, and schoolmistresses naturally don't like girls whom they can't make out. But she and I became friends at once; and when she grew up and wanted a companion to live with her, what did she do but think of me and offer me the place. You may imagine how I jumped at it."

"Do you like that life so much better than giving dancing-lessons then?" Brian inquired.

"Oh, dear me, yes! Beyond all comparison. First of all, there is the delight of being always with Beatrice, which, as I often tell her, is like reading a perpetual three-volume novel, without the slightest idea of how it is going to end. And then, you know, there are anxieties about a pro-

fessional career. One can't lay by as much as one would wish, and sometimes one feels a little afraid of old age and what it may bring."

"I suppose one would," agreed Brian, half-amused, half-touched by these candid confidences. "Why do you say that living with Miss Huntley is like reading a novel?" he asked presently.

"Because she is so fond of fresh scenes and fresh people, and she has a way of interesting herself in them which makes me intensely interested too, until I discover that they are not really going to exercise any influence over her life. Sometimes, you understand, it looks as if they would; but Beatrice has such wonderful penetration that she very soon gets to the bottom of a person's character, and then—"

"And then she throws that person over?" suggested Brian, with a shade of anxiety.

"Oh, no; she is far too kind to do that; but the person generally seems to fade away, as it were, and somebody else takes his place."

"It is always *his* place, then?"

Miss Joy burst into another of her loud laughs.

"No; it isn't always a *he*, and I am giving you quite a wrong impression of Beatrice," she answered. "Beatrice is indescribable; to understand her you must know her, and even then! However, it is not necessary to know her well to see how kind-hearted she is. Your being here at this moment is a proof of it. The truth is that a dance is a great treat to me. It is ridiculous that it should be so at my age; but so it is; and that dear girl is forever trying to get partners for me and make me believe that they come forward of their own accord."

"May I, quite of my own accord, beg you to dance with me again?" asked Brian.

"Thank you very much; and I would with pleasure, only I know you don't enjoy dancing, and—does plain language affront you?"

"Not a bit; I prefer it; and it doesn't affront me in the least to be told that I am a shocking bad dancer, if that is what you mean. I won't insist, then; but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll get you a really good partner—Mitchell, who commands the coastguard down here. He is the best-natured fellow in the world, and I'm sure he'll be delighted to give you a turn."

Having thus incidentally shown that his preference for plain language was not

merely theoretical, Brian jumped up, crossed the room, and presently returned, bringing with him a strapping, black-bearded young man, whom he introduced as Captain Mitchell, and who incontinently whirled Miss Joy away in the throng. He himself, after performing this charitable action, was pounced upon by Mrs. Greenwood, and commanded to take an old lady into the supper-room, whence he did not succeed in escaping until the time came for him to claim his promised dance from Miss Huntley. He found her standing in the doorway, surrounded by a little knot of white-waistcoated youths of the watering-place type (for Kingscliff now had its share of these not very attractive beings). She was looking absently over their heads, and seemed relieved when she descried Brian.

"Oh, here you are!" she said, taking his arm. "Would you mind sitting this dance out? We shall have plenty of exercise in the cotillon."

"I would much rather talk than dance," he replied.

So she led him into the library, and, ensconcing herself comfortably in the corner of a low sofa, motioned to him to seat himself beside her. "Well," she said, "how did you get on with Miss Joy?"

"Capitally," answered Brian. "We had a most interesting conversation — principally about you."

"Really! Then suppose, for a change, we have an interesting conversation about you now."

"I'm afraid that's impossible; you wouldn't find me an interesting subject of study."

"Who knows? My own impression is that I shall. For one thing, I hear that you are a great musician, which is decidedly interesting in itself — I mean it isn't what one expects in a country gentleman."

"So my father is fond of telling me."

"Your father, I should think, doesn't mean that for a compliment. He is alarmed about you; he thinks you clever, but eccentric, and he wishes you were more like your brother, who is clever without being eccentric."

"Well, yes, I suppose that is about the state of the case; but how did you know?"

"I guessed. Do you think you will be content to remain down here all the days of your life?"

"I think I shall," answered Brian consideringly. "It is my own home, you see, and I am fond of it. Of course I should like well enough to travel, and see something of the world; but it isn't likely

that I shall ever be able to afford that, so I don't think about it."

"But don't you want to see the world in another sense — the world of men and women?"

"There are men and women everywhere — even at Kingscliff," answered Brian, smiling; "and, from all that one hears and reads, I should fancy that human nature was much the same in other places as it is here."

"Yes; but if you confine yourself to a microcosm you must use a microscope, which is tedious and laborious work. By going out into the larger world you can read while you run. All sorts of events and catastrophes and imbroglis keep on passing before your eyes. You watch them; you take notes; you make comparisons; you feel that you are a human being, not a vegetable."

"And sometimes, perhaps, you get involved in one of the imbroglis or catastrophes."

"Well, perhaps. At any rate there is the possibility of it, and that is what makes life exciting."

"To many people that would be an important point, I dare say; but excitement is not what I care for personally. My notion of a happy man is a man who has a few plain duties to occupy him, and does them to the best of his ability."

"The flattest of flat prose, in fact."

"I suppose so. I am not poetical."

"You must be, or you would never have formed such an absurd ideal. Don't you know that people's ideals always lie off the road that they are bound to travel?"

"I can't say that I have observed it. What is yours?"

"I am sorry to tell you that it is as yet unformed. Hitherto I have generally managed to get exactly what I have wanted; but I dare say I shall be able to think of something preposterous and unattainable in due time. When can one hear you play the organ?"

Brian's face, which had worn a somewhat perplexed look up to now, brightened at this abrupt question. "Are you fond of music?" he asked. "They have a very good organ at St. Michael's, and if you really cared to hear it you might walk up there some afternoon. I practise on most days between four and five o'clock."

"To-morrow afternoon, for instance?"

"Yes, to-morrow, if you like."

"I will be there," said Miss Huntley; "then perhaps I shall find out whether you are poetical or not. In the mean time one of the plain duties which you value

so much lies before you. We must go and take our places for the cotillon."

No small surprise was created in the ball-room by the appearance of this couple among the dancers, and more than one knowing old lady whispered to her neighbor that the beauty was setting her cap at the squire's eldest son. For the Segraves are an ancient family, highly thought of in the west, and Miss Huntley, after all, was only a contractor's daughter. These good people little knew to what social heights the daughters of contractors may aspire nowadays, nor could they be aware that what they considered a fine match would be regarded as a hopeless misalliance by Miss Huntley's relations.

Gilbert, hurrying to and fro across the open space which had been cleared, and whispering last instructions to those upon whose support he counted, smiled and raised his eyebrows as he passed his brother's chair.

"What next!" he exclaimed under his breath. And then, to Miss Huntley, "I beg your pardon, but is it a wager?"

"You shut up, Gilbert," said Brian good-humoredly, "and don't chaff your elder brother, or I'll run round the wrong way in one of your elaborate figures and get you all hopelessly clubbed."

"I wish you would!" cried a loud voice on the speaker's right hand. "That young brother of yours fancies himself altogether too much!"

Commander Mitchell, R.N., was one of the very few people who did not like Gilbert Segrave, and, being a man of straightforward habit, he did not trouble himself to conceal his dislike. Nor, for that matter, did he make much secret of its cause. Everybody in Kingscliff was aware that Mitchell had fallen a victim to the charms of Miss Greenwood, and that that young lady would have nothing at all to say to him. At the cricket-matches and lawn-tennis tournaments, where he was wont to shine supreme, it was notorious that he became paralyzed and utterly useless the moment that Miss Kitty appeared upon the scene. He prostrated himself upon the earth before her, figuratively speaking, and, as usually happens in such cases, she trampled upon him without mercy. Now Captain Mitchell, having found Miss Joy to be in many respects a kindred spirit, and being perfectly indifferent as to the age and looks of all partners save one, had engaged that lady for the cotillon, and when, in answer to his last remark, she whispered, "Do you know I

think I agree with you," he felt that Providence had perhaps placed in his hands a fit instrument for the discomfiture of his rival. He therefore suggested that it would be amusing and productive of good results if they were to devote their joint energies to the marrying of all Gilbert's combinations. But to this proposition Miss Joy was much too good-natured to accede.

"We could not spoil everybody's pleasure for the sake of annoying one person, who looks as if nothing would put him out of countenance," she urged. "Besides, Beatrice has been practising these figures with him and Miss Greenwood for the last few days, and I am sure she would be vexed if they turned out a failure."

In Miss Joy's eyes this last consideration was evidently final, and as her partner was in reality not less kind-hearted than she, he was forced to admit the justice of her reasoning, though with a mental reservation.

So the leader of the cotillon was suffered to work out his designs unmolested, and made a great success of them. In the intricate manoeuvres which he directed, and the moving kaleidoscopic patterns which he formed with his living material, Brian contrived, by dint of keeping his eye steadily on Miss Huntley, and obeying her signs, to take part without signal disgrace; but he did not find the process very enjoyable, and confessed as much when interrogated.

"It seems to me," said he, "that the chief peculiarity of a cotillon is that you never dance with your partner in it. You can't even talk to her, because you are obliged to give your whole attention to your work."

"You will be able to do both now if you like," answered Miss Huntley. "The pretty figures are over, and the silly ones are going to begin."

What Miss Huntley called the silly figures—that is to say the presentation of bouquets and badges, and the time-honored jocularities, carried out by the help of looking-glasses, umbrellas, oranges, and the like—were evidently more popular than their predecessors, and were perhaps as new to a large proportion of the company as they were to Brian. It was, at all events, an undoubted novelty to most of those present to see a gentleman take the mirror in his hand and prepare to seat himself in the middle of the room, in order to exercise the privilege which is commonly reserved for the la-

dies; and to one spectator this proceeding appeared to be a piece of quite intolerable impudence.

"Just look at that self-satisfied young puppy!" Miss Joy's partner exclaimed, pointing to Gilbert. "Come, I'll take you up to him and see whether he'll have the cheek to refuse you."

"I don't feel the smallest doubt about it; and besides, it isn't our turn," protested Miss Joy.

But Captain Mitchell already had his arm round her waist, and had begun to waltz with such impetuosity that she was powerless to hold him back. Gilbert glanced up in some surprise as this ponderous couple bore down upon him. Not liking, however, to order them back to their places, he accepted the situation with a smile, and was in the act of seating himself when Mitchell, who had been circling round him like a hawk, suddenly reversed his step. Miss Joy's heavy velvet skirt, swinging out, caught the chair and whisked it away, and Gilbert, unable to save himself, descended upon the floor with a crash, looking-glass and all.

The episode, as was natural, produced a good deal of merriment; the author of it chuckled gleefully, while the victim, who, as Miss Joy had observed, was not easily put out of countenance, picked himself up, laughing, and went on with the figure as if nothing had happened. But little Miss Greenwood's cheeks flushed, and her eyes shot an indignant glance at Captain Mitchell, which boded that reckless man no good.

"Jealousy?" inquired Miss Huntley, indicating with a slight movement of her fan the three persons last named.

"Oh, I suppose so," answered Brian, with something of a laugh. "It's all nonsense, you know; I don't think Gilbert is serious, and he can't afford to marry."

"You really do seem to take prosaic views," she rejoined; "it must be the atmosphere of the ball-room that affects you in that way. Well, you have spent a very dull evening, haven't you? But cheer up, for it is over now, and we are all going away."

A few minutes later, while Brian was leading Miss Huntley to her carriage, and Gilbert was gallantly escorting Miss Joy, Mitchell came striding across the hall towards them, with the half-penitent air of a schoolboy who has been caught in some delinquency, and is resigned to the consequences thereof.

"Oh, Segrave," said he, "the admiral thinks I owe you an apology."

"My dear fellow, pray don't mention it," answered Gilbert pleasantly.

"The fact is," went on the other, "that I thought you wanted taking down a peg. Well, I suppose I must beg your pardon for knocking your chair from under you; but I can't say that I've altered my opinion."

"Hadn't you better go and back up your brother?" suggested Miss Huntley, as she stepped into her carriage. "Miss Joy's friend looks capable of eating him up."

"Oh, they are always going on like that," answered Brian; "they're very good friends really."

Then the carriage disappeared into the darkness, and he turned back into the house, marvelling inwardly at the infatuation which could lead two men with eyes in their heads to fall out over a Kitty Greenwood when there was a Beatrice Huntley in the same room.

CHAPTER V.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

THERE is a prevalent impression that slums of the worst kind — districts inhabited by a population which will not suffer the intrusion of a respectably clad person into its midst — are peculiar to large cities. That this is very far from being the case any one may satisfy himself by exploring the byways of most country towns, or even of such as can hardly be called more than large villages; and in the east end of Kingscliff there was a quarter which for many years possessed a reputation so evil that very few people cared to find out by personal inspection whether it was deserved or not. That it was a disgrace to the town was admitted on all hands; and when Kingscliff became a flourishing watering-place the disgrace became somewhat more acutely felt, because it was found to be a source of annoyance to the visitors. Nevertheless, it was not easy to see how matters were to be remedied. Sir Brian Segrave, to whom this collection of wretched tenements belonged, was willing to do all in his power; but that was not much, for he had no spare cash, and such improvements, sanitary and other, as he contrived to introduce, were deeply resented and promptly annihilated by his tenants. At length, however, a step was taken in the right direction. That part of the town was made into a separate parish, and, partly by a general subscription, partly by the benefactions of sundry rich old ladies, the Church of St.

Michael and All Angels was built upon the slope of the hill overlooking it.

Whether this would have mended matters much if the Reverend John Monckton had not been appointed to the living may be doubted; but in an auspicious hour John Monckton, who at that time was working in the East End of London, heard what was required and offered himself for a post which no one else, up to then, had been found willing to undertake. He was warned that his salary would have to come out of the offertory, from which source also the church expenses must be defrayed, and as a matter of fact he never received a penny of pay; but his means were sufficient to make that a subject of indifference to him. A High Churchman of the most advanced school (indeed he admitted himself to be a Ritualist, holding that names signify little), he had at first some opposition to encounter, not so much from his own flock as from outsiders; but this was soon overcome, and in less than a twelvemonth he had successfully accomplished a task which had hitherto baffled clergy, squire, and local authorities alike.

The methods by which he achieved this revolution were, of course, ostensibly various, and capable of being noted, commented upon and approved, or the reverse, by bishops, archdeacons, and others in authority; but the truth is that not one of them would have had a chance of success but for the magic of his personal influence; and if one might venture to criticise such a work, one would perhaps say that the danger of it lay in its absolute dependence upon one man and its very probable collapse on that man's death or removal. But, after all, the majority of revolutions, both small and great, are open to this objection. Mr. Monckton's wild parishioners adored him; he did what he liked with them; to please him they went to church, forswore drink, and even gave up thrashing their wives; and if, to begin with, they were actuated by no higher motive than the above, it was not for want of having higher motives set before them with unwearied persistency.

Meanwhile, as the services at St. Michael's were attractive, the music excellent, and the preaching (when the vicar was in the pulpit) of a thrilling character, the church speedily became fashionable, residents and winter visitors crowding its benches to the gradual exclusion of those for whose benefit they had originally been intended. This Mr. Monckton did not altogether like; but since he could not

close his doors against any particular section of society, he built a chapel for the poorer folk, where they could perform their devotions without being vexed by the sight of purple and fine linen, and the offerings of the richer congregation helped to defray the cost of this extension.

The organ which had been presented to the church by one of Mr. Monckton's wealthy admirers, was a fine instrument, full and sweet in tone, and fitted with all the latest modern improvements. Brian Segrave, who appreciated its qualities, and who was a friend and ally of the vicar's, had permission to play upon it as often as he pleased, and was accustomed, as he had told Miss Huntley, to avail himself of his privilege on most days of the week. She found him playing when, true to her promise, she entered the church at half past four o'clock on the afternoon after Mrs. Greenwood's dance, and stole noiselessly into a dark corner where she could not be seen by the performer.

It is not every one who cares for Sebastian Bach's music; but all will allow that the works of that composer are never heard to so great advantage as upon the organ. Perhaps it may be added that he requires a competent interpreter. Miss Huntley, who had been made to play Bach upon the piano and had always rather hated him, recognized the notes of the fugue which were just then filling the church with something of that pleased surprise which we experience when an artist makes us feel the beauty of some painting by an old master which we could not have discovered without an artist's aid. She listened eagerly, with parted lips, until the last chord died away; and if Brian had only known how immensely he had risen in her respect by the not very extraordinary display of talent and ability which he had just made he would doubtless have hastened to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs by playing classical compositions until he wearied her. For, although she was very fond of music, it can scarcely be said that she appreciated it with the educated taste of a connoisseur. As, however, he was quite unconscious that she was near, he proceeded, after an interval, to favor her with something which appealed far more powerfully to her senses. He was, in fact, only waiting her arrival to attack the grandest and most difficult piece in his *répertoire*, and to while away the time and calm his nerves — for it seemed likely enough that she had forgotten all about her engage-

ment—he began playing idly snatches of melody, fragments of this or that cantata or oratorio, linked together by vague connections of sound which he made up as he went along. His performance accurately reflected his thoughts, which for the moment were of a mildly melancholy kind. It floated down the darkening aisle in pathetic adagios and lingering chords, which melted one into the other, swelling and sinking like the wind on a summer night; and to the listener in the far corner it said all kinds of things which its originator had never dreamt of putting into it.

Miss Huntley was extremely impressionable. The solemn peace of the little church, the shafts of colored light that streamed through the west window from the sinking sun and fell upon the crucifix above the altar, the soft wailing of the organ—all these affected her with certain devotional cravings and memories of girlish enthusiasms which the noise and hurry of the world had extinguished. Her eyes slowly filled with tears; she dropped upon her knees; and it was in that unexpected posture that Brian found her when, his patience being exhausted at last, he rose abruptly from the organ and strode down towards the door.

He started and drew back, feeling that he had been guilty of an intrusion; but she got up without embarrassment (indeed it is probable that he did not interrupt any articulate petition) and advanced to meet him, holding out her hand as she did so.

"Thank you," she said; "I am so very glad to have heard you play, and I am glad, too, that you didn't know I was listening. It would be ridiculous impertinence on my part to offer you compliments, but there is no harm in my telling you what great pleasure you have given me."

"Have I really given you pleasure?" asked Brian, his face breaking into smiles. "Then I am very fortunate."

"Yes, you are very fortunate," she agreed, with a half-sigh. She had dropped her somewhat flippant manner of the night before, and spoke quite naturally, without any design to bewilder or attract her hearer. "With such talent as yours," she went on, "one is independent of the little accidents of scene and company. I quite understand now that it is the same thing to you whether you spend your life here or in London. Life is a perplexing affair," she added presently.

"It is what we make it," said Brian.

"Yes, if we are strong enough; but most of us aren't. I suppose you are right; there is nothing better than to have a few plain duties marked out for one and to do them. Nevertheless, one seems to want something more to fill up the intervals, and we can't all play the organ. It's a great misfortune to women to be independent, if they only knew it!"

She had been advancing slowly towards the door while she was speaking, and they now stood in the little porch. Some yards away from them a broad female back, surmounting a camp stool, stood out in bold relief against the red glow of the sky.

"Miss Joy, transferring the sunset to paper," observed Miss Huntley explanatorily. "The scene has yet to be discovered that can cause Miss Joy to strike her colors—her water-colors. For her, difficulties don't exist; she doesn't know what it is to be troubled with misgivings. To be sure, she is not independent, so she can't make a *very* great fool of herself. Women who are independent generally do make fools of themselves in one way or another, don't you think so?"

"In the majority of cases I dare say they do," answered Brian meditatively, "but there are exceptions, and I should fancy that you were one of them."

"I can't see why you should fancy that. I only came of age six months ago; I haven't had my liberty long, and if you knew all the queer things I have contemplated doing with it you would probably change your opinion. The old lawyer who manages my affairs for me gave me some excellent advice—I know it was excellent advice. 'Look before you leap; never take any step without consulting those older and wiser than yourself; above all, don't be guided by your impulses,' etc. If one could make up one's mind to follow a few maxims of that kind one would at least be preserved from playing the fool. Only it would be so dreadfully dull. I think I like the little Latin sentences at the beginning of the Psalms better. 'Ad te levavi oculos meos,' 'Dominus illuminatio mea,' 'Lucerna pedibus,' those would be the mottoes to live by, wouldn't they? Nobody ever dreams of doing so, though."

"Some people do," said Brian.

"Oh, I think not—at least I never met anybody who did. Of course I know lots of religious people—my sister-in-law, for instance—who bears a high character. But then she makes her religion fit in with her life; she doesn't square her life with her religion. I abhor half measures, and

that is partly why we had to give up living together."

"Did you live with her long?" inquired Brian.

"All my life, except when I was at school. That is, I lived with my brother, you understand. He being my nearest relation, there was no help for it until I attained my majority; then I made a formal declaration of independence and went forth on my own account, with Miss Joy to look after me. Clementina says she can't think how it will end, and I am bound to say that, for once, I find myself in agreement with Clementina."

"Is Clementina your sister-in-law?" Brian asked.

"Yes," she answered, glancing at him with a momentary surprise, which he did not understand at the time. Afterwards he heard from Gilbert, who was better acquainted with London society than he was, that Lady Clementina Huntley was a personage whom everybody knew at least by name.

"She must be a disagreeable sort of woman," he remarked.

At this Miss Huntley burst out laughing, and startled the sketcher, who glanced over her shoulder and nodded in a friendly way. "Come and look at my daub," she called out.

They complied with this request; and when the work of art in question was handed to Brian for inspection he did not dare to lift his eyes from it, lest he should encounter those of Miss Huntley. Miss Joy, judging by her production, belonged to the impressionist school. Her picture had no foreground at all; Kingscliff, in the middle distance, was represented by blotches of deep purple, with perpendicular strokes here and there, which a clever person might have discovered to be meant for chimneys; the purple was gradually shaded off into blue, which in its turn gave place to a sea of orange, in the midst of which was a blood-red ball, evidently the sun, as seen through the mists of evening. Brian was sorely puzzled to know what he ought to say to this. "It's—it's a bold piece of coloring," he remarked feebly at last.

"Yes, I think it is," agreed Miss Joy with much complacency. "Not exaggerated though, is it now? People are apt to call pictures of sunsets exaggerated, you know; but really the difficulty is to make one's colors vivid enough. Well, I'm glad to see that you are not laughing, at any rate. Beatrice always laughs at my sketches; she can't help it, poor dear;

and I know she has gone away now because she is afraid of exploding and hurting my feelings. Oh, and she has picked up a friend, I see. Dear me! isn't it Sir Brian Segrave?"

Brian looked up and saw that Miss Huntley had indeed withdrawn to a distance of some twenty yards, and was standing by the roadside, talking with apparent animation to his father, who, mounted on the grey cob, was listening to her with that air of deferential courtesy which he was accustomed to assume in the presence of ladies. Brian strolled down and joined them presently; and the old gentleman said,—

"Miss Huntley has been paying you some pretty compliments; it seems that you are nothing less than a genius. I wasn't aware of it, I confess; but perhaps you will say that no man is a prophet in his own country."

His voice had an inflection of irony which he never could keep out of it when speaking to his son upon that subject. Sir Brian's earnest desire was to be just in all his dealings, and to give every man such credit as might be his due; but he would have been glad to give his heir credit for qualities which he feared that that musical genius did not possess.

"Mr. Segrave is quite satisfied with his own country," remarked Miss Huntley, either by a happy chance or by that instinct of hers which so often led her to say what was agreeable to her hearers. "He tells me that his ideal of existence is to spend all his days at Kingscliff, and that the daily round, the common task, will furnish all he needs to ask. I can't quite make up my mind whether he is right or wrong."

"My dear young lady," cried Sir Brian, "I am delighted to hear that you find him in such a sensible frame of mind, and I do trust that you will not attempt to remove him from it. The life of a country gentleman may not be exciting, but I can assure you that it gives a man occupation enough, if he does his duty. In these days he won't have done badly if at the end of his life he can hand the land on to his successor as he received it from his forefathers."

"Or improved," said Brian, meaning to be complimentary.

"I have improved the property," returned his father a little sharply. "Doubtless you will be able to improve it still more. Selling any part of it is, of course, not improving it, and I hope you will never be tempted to do that."

To this Brian made no direct rejoinder. He knew what his father meant, but did not care to make rash promises. Presently, however, he observed, "The question is how much longer one will be allowed to hold land which is urgently required by a whole townful of one's neighbors. At the rate public opinion is moving just now, I should say that by the beginning of the next century landed proprietors will find their rights are not worth much when they clash with the convenience of the sovereign people."

"In other words," said Sir Brian, "the sovereign people will legalize spoliation as soon as it gets the upper hand. I am sorry to hear you speak so coolly of the possible ruin of your country."

"The landlords would be compensated, I suppose," said Brian. "I should be sorry for the landlords; but at the same time I think there is something to be urged on the other side. It is admitted, you see, that public convenience justifies the running of a railway through a man's park."

"I beg to say that I differ from you utterly and absolutely," cried his father; "railways stand upon quite another footing. There is nothing—not one word—to be urged in favor of robbery. Compensation! Do you think that if a man picks my pocket he may offer me half a crown for its contents and cry quits? With such ideas as that you would find yourself in congenial company in Newgate."

"Or in the House of Commons," said Brian, laughing. "By good conduct and strict attention to business I hope to keep out of both; but Gilbert is sure to be an M.P. one of these days, and I dare say he'll do the best he can for us."

"Gilbert is a sound Conservative," returned his father; "I wish I felt as sure of you as I do of him."

Good-natured Miss Joy, who with her paint-box and camp-stool had now been added to the group, thought the conversation was taking too personal a turn, and hastened to change it. "I really must manage to make a sketch of that dear old Manor House," said she. "If one could only get into the grounds, one ought to have a lovely view of the two bays from them."

"I will tell the woman at the lodge to let you in whenever you please," said Sir Brian. "The view is considered fine; and in former years, when there were no field-glasses in Kingscliff and nobody possessed telescopes, except the fishermen,

who had too good manners to turn them inland, the garden used to be a pleasant place to sit in. Now times are changed, and there is an end of all privacy."

"I should think it a delightful house to live in, all the same," said Miss Huntley. "Does it stand empty all the year round?"

"We have no occasion to use it ourselves, and I have not cared to let the place," answered Sir Brian a little coldly. He added, after a pause, "I dare say you may have heard that the Kingscliff people—for I suppose we must call Mr. Buswell and his friends Kingscliff people now—are anxious to purchase it. If they could have their way I believe they would pull it down and build some more of their grotesque villas upon the site."

"Wretches!" exclaimed Miss Huntley. "But of course they won't have their way."

"They most assuredly will not while I live," replied Sir Brian. "At my death the Manor House will go to my son here, who seems to anticipate being compulsorily ejected from it. I only hope that nothing short of compulsion will persuade him to give up his mother's property."

It seemed impossible to keep the old gentleman off that subject; and in truth Brian's prospective interest in the Manor House had always been a rather sore point with him. The place had belonged to his wife, who had bequeathed it to him, with remainder to her elder son, thinking that she was consulting her husband's wishes in so doing. She had, indeed, consulted him verbally in the matter, but had failed to discover what his wishes were. In his rigid, punctilious way he had declined to bring any pressure to bear upon her; but secretly he had thought that Gilbert, who would be so ill-provided for, ought to have the house. And now, to crown all, Brian remained obstinately silent when the possibility of its being ultimately sold was mentioned in his presence!

Poor Sir Brian was aware that he had a hasty temper, and that when it got the better of him he was apt to say things which made him feel sorry and ashamed after he went to bed at night. Feeling that his temper was on the point of getting the better of him now, he somewhat hastily wished the ladies good-evening, lifted his hat, and rode away.

When he reached home he found Gilbert in the library, reading the papers, and could not resist saying to him, "That fellow Brian puzzles me altogether. He was speaking just now in a way that, upon my

word, would have made anybody set him down as a rank socialist."

"Oh," said Gilbert, "he isn't a socialist. That isn't his line at all."

"Pray, what *is* his line? I should feel much indebted to you if you could tell me."

"Well, I doubt whether he cares much about politics, one way or the other. If you asked him he would probably tell you he was a Conservative; but he certainly hasn't Conservative instincts. A Conservative, I take it, likes to keep what he has got, and that is more than poor dear old Brian ever could or ever will do. It used to be notorious at Oxford that he would give the coat off his back to any one who asked him for it."

"You speak as if you admired that kind of disposition," snapped Sir Brian. "I do not. Such a man as you describe is not, to my mind, a generous man; he is simply a weak fool. And such a man is in no way fitted to be the owner of Beckton. In that position he can never be rich, and he will be constantly tempted to — to — in short, to do things which would make me turn in my grave."

Gilbert looked serious for a moment, and then smiled. "I hope it will be many years before Brian is owner of Beckton," he answered.

"Oh, yes; that is the right thing to say, and I'm sure you mean it; but I am an old man. It's a thousand pities that you are not the elder son."

"Really, do you know, I don't think so," said Gilbert; "I am much better qualified to shift for myself than he is. An infant could impose upon Brian; but I have a modest conviction that it would take a rather clever rogue to get the better of me."

"That's just what I say," returned his father. "However, there's no good in talking about it."

CHAPTER VI.

THE PENALTY OF GOOD NATURE.

WHEN Brian was left with the two ladies, Miss Joy wandered away to the lych-gate which gave entrance to the churchyard, and, leaning over it, became absorbed in contemplation of space. As a chaperon, Miss Joy was more accommodating than discreet. As soon as she was out of earshot Miss Huntley turned to the young man, with an odd, compassionate sort of smile, and said, —

"When you were a little boy, and read the Old Testament stories out of a picture

Bible, which used you to like best, Jacob or Esau?"

"Oh, Esau, of course," answered Brian. "As far as that goes, I like him best still. I should think everybody did."

"Perhaps; but I wouldn't imitate him if I were you. Why couldn't you say a few words to reassure your father when he was begging and entreating you not to sell your birthright?"

"Because I can't tell what the future is going to be, and one has no business to make promises which one may not be able to keep. My father must know that I shouldn't like to cut up the property any more than he would."

"Oh, you foolish Esau! He doesn't know it at all, and you ought to have told him. Your brother Jacob would have told him in a moment."

Brian shook his head.

"Not he! Gilbert is twice as cautious as I am."

"Exactly so; and that is why he would take very good care to avoid rousing needless alarm. And Beckton is not entailed, Admiral Greenwood tells me."

Brian looked down for a moment, and then raised his frank grey eyes to those of his mentor.

"I can't say what my father wants me to say," he answered. "I would if I could, but I don't feel that it would be honest under the circumstances. The best plan is to avoid the subject altogether."

"As if he would let you do that! Well, you are foolish, but I like you all the better for it."

"Then," returned Brian quickly, "I am quite content to be a fool."

"It ought to create a bond of sympathy between us, no doubt. As I was telling you, I am convinced that my destiny is to make a fool of myself, only I doubt whether I shall ever do so with my eyes open. That is what constitutes my inferiority to you."

"Does it?" asked Brian, laughing.

"Yes, I think so. Good-night. I like your church, and I shall form one of the congregation next Sunday."

With that she left him, and he set off homewards in a state of mind so jubilant as amply to justify the character that had just been given of him. There never lived a more modest man, but he thought Miss Huntley liked him — which was true enough — and he had the dawning of a hope that her liking might deepen into a warmer feeling, which was perfectly ridiculous. Gilbert could have told him how ridiculous it was. Gilbert was versed in

the ways of the world, and knew that Miss Huntley had it in her power to make a really brilliant marriage. Women who possess that power very seldom fail to take advantage of it; an heiress who is also a beauty may think herself entitled to a few years of amusement, but in the end she is pretty sure to go the way of all heiresses. So Gilbert would have said, and he would not have been wrong.

Brian, however, had two good reasons for viewing the matter from a less cynical standpoint. In the first place, he had not learnt to think meanly of human nature, and in the second, it would have been quite preposterously impossible to him to think meanly of Beatrice Huntley. She was, indeed, already in his eyes what she never afterwards (except for one brief period of time) ceased to be — the very type and embodiment of feminine perfection, the realization of his dreams, the only woman whom he could ever love or think of loving. That she had as yet done remarkably little to earn such unqualified devotion is nothing to the point. There are people who can be in love without being in the least blind to the defects of the beloved one; but Brian, for his weal or his woe, was not one of those reasonable beings, and because he considered flirts a very objectionable and contemptible class of persons, it followed, by the plainest principles of logic, that Miss Huntley could not be a flirt. It was this conviction that caused him to be somewhat unduly sanguine. He did not, it is true, flatter himself that he could without any difficulty gain the love of the most adorable woman in the world, but he thought there was a chance of his doing so, because she had shown him such marked favor. So he spent the evening in a state of happy, smiling abstraction, which amused his brother, who guessed what was the matter with him, and irritated his father, who did not; and when he retired for the night the visions of his head upon his bed were of the most extravagant character.

That when we are especially light-hearted adversity is in the air is a phenomenon which has been so often observed as to have passed into proverbial form in times of remote antiquity. Brian, like other people, had learned the proverb from his Latin grammar, but perhaps had hardly yet lived long enough to accept it as a warning. He came down to breakfast the next morning with a countenance free from care, and, having satisfied a healthy appetite, carried his letters away

to the harness-room, where it was his habit to smoke a matutinal pipe. Even after he had opened and read the first of them, which was written in a clerkly hand, and purported to come from one Reuben Solomonson, he scarcely understood what it was all about, nor realized that he was in somewhat serious trouble. It appeared, indeed, that he owed Mr. Solomonson £1,900, odd shillings, which, if true, was startling enough, but he could not help thinking that there must be some mistake about it. So careless was he and ignorant about money matters that it required an effort of memory on his part to recall the circumstances set forth in the letter. He remembered, to be sure, that, when at Oxford, he had consented to back a bill to oblige a man named Tracy, with whom he had been upon more or less friendly terms, and now that he was put in mind of it, he remembered also that upon two subsequent occasions something had been said about renewal, and that he had been requested to go through the formality of signing his name again, but he had been assured, and had quite believed it, that this was a mere matter of form, and he was certainly under the impression that the original sum had not been anything approaching £1,900. No doubt there was a mistake, and Tracy would put it all right.

Mr. Solomonson, however, did not seem to think so. He wrote politely, almost affectionately; he commented in feeling terms on the bad behavior of Mr. Tracy, and was evidently filled with grief at being compelled to make a demand which might be unwelcome. But he must have his money, he said, because he could not possibly afford to lose it; or, rather, he must have a thousand pounds. With regard to the remaining nine hundred, he was disposed to think that an arrangement might be come to, and that he might (though not without personal inconvenience) continue to be Mr. Segrave's creditor for that amount a little longer — of course at the customary moderate rate of interest.

When Brian had taken in the meaning of all this, he began to be rather uneasy, but it was not until he had perused his next letter that his eyes became fully opened. This was from an old college chum, and contained, amongst other things, the following highly disquieting piece of intelligence:—

"I suppose you have heard that Tracy has gone an utter mucker. Somebody told me that he had enlisted, but I don't know whether that is true or not. Any-

how, he has disappeared from view, leaving no assets, and there is weeping and gnashing of teeth in Jewry."

Brian knocked the ashes out of his pipe, pushed his hat off his forehead, and strolled out into the stable yard, where Gilbert and the coachman were anxiously examining the curby hocks of one of the carriage horses. Gilbert's stock of information was varied and extensive, and his opinions, being grounded upon principles of common sense, were always worth having; but Brian, after hesitating for a moment, decided that he would not apply to his brother in his present perplexity. Valuable though common sense is, it does not meet all requirements, and the worst of those who possess that attribute is that they are apt to be a little peremptory and contemptuous with those who do not. Brian, therefore, turned away without interrupting the veterinary consultation, and strode at a brisk pace across the park towards Kingscliff. When he reached St. Michael's Church he turned sharply to the right, a further walk of a few minutes bringing him to a small new house of ecclesiastical design, surrounded by a tidy little garden. The servant who appeared in answer to his ring informed him that the vicar was at home, but could not say whether he was disengaged or not.

"All right," said Brian, seating himself in the porch and producing his pipe from his pocket; "if he isn't I'll wait till he is. Tell him there's no hurry."

However, he was not kept waiting long. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed when the door behind him was thrown open, and the figure of a man of something under middle height, clad in a black cassock and wearing a biretta on his head, stepped quickly out into the sunlight. John Monckton was at this time about five or six-and-thirty years of age, but looked more. His short, black beard had a good deal of gray in it; there were deep lines on his forehead and on either side of his mouth; his eyes, too, were slightly sunken. The expression of his face, when in repose, was distinctly sad; no one could fail to see that it was the face of one who had taken life hard, and had probably passed through some sharp mental struggles. But the moment that he began to speak the lines softened wonderfully; a pleasant light came into the eyes, and you perceived at once that you were in the presence of a thoroughly sincere and trustworthy fellow-creature. Fellow-creatures of that stamp are less common than we are, as a rule,

willing to admit; but we have to admit their rarity when we are brought into contact with one of them, and it was no doubt to this that John Monckton owed the singular ascendancy which he exercised over all classes of his parishioners. The female division of them had an immense admiration for his outer as well as for his inner man; but it must be said that this was no fault of his, and that all manifestations of it had met with such scant encouragement that they were now, for the most part, reduced to the language of the eyes. For the rest, he was strongly built, had a fine constitution, lived sparingly, and very seldom had a day's illness.

"Ah, Brian," he said, "you're just the man I want. Simpson has sent up to tell me that he has caught one of his bad colds, and doesn't think there is a chance of his being able to take the organ on Sunday. Can you help me out?"

"Of course I can," answered Brian; "I should like it of all things. And I say, Monckton, may we have Tours's *Te Deum* and *Benedictus* in F?"

"Yes, if you like; only you will have to give up a morning to practising them with the choir, you know."

"I shall be delighted. Then in the evening I should like to have Turlé's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in D. I suppose I can't choose the hymns, can I?"

"Within certain limits you can. I'll give you a few to select from."

"Thanks. I wish I could persuade you to drop Gregorians, Monckton."

Monckton smiled and shook his head.

"Well, you may say what you like, but they're not music, and I don't care who swears that they are. I'll undertake to prove to you—but perhaps you are busy?"

"Not more than usual; I have about a quarter of an hour to spare."

"Oh, by the way, that reminds me," said Brian (for he had really forgotten it) "that I came here to ask your advice. It seems to me that I have got into a most awkward fix."

"Come in, then," answered the other, "and let us hear about it."

He led the way into his study, a small room liberally furnished with books, but with very little else, and, seating himself at his writing-table, took the letter which the young man silently held out to him.

His face grew grave as he read. "Hullo, Brian!" he exclaimed, "this is a bad job. I needn't ask whether you have £1,900 at your banker's."

Brian felt in his waistcoat pocket and produced five sovereigns and some silver. "I think I've got about ten pounds more in my desk," he said, "and then there's fifty more that I lent to a fellow who said he would pay me back last month. He hasn't done it yet, though. That's all I've got to finish the year upon."

"Who is this Tracy? Is he in any degree an honest man? And has he relations who would be likely to hold themselves responsible for his debts?"

"Well, really, to tell you the truth, I don't know much about him; but I'm pretty sure that he has no near relations. He has been his own father ever since he was a boy, and I believe he had a good bit of money to start with. But he has been going down the hill at no end of a pace lately, and now I hear that he has bolted."

"Brian, my dear boy," said Monckton, "I don't want to scold, but you had no business whatever to back that bill. Don't you see that you were practically making your father back it?"

"I didn't see it at the time," answered Brian ruefully. "Of course that's not much of an excuse; only, you know, one does *not* expect a man to let one into trouble after one has been solemnly assured that one is running no risk."

Monckton drummed with his fingers upon the table meditatively and made no reply. Presently he asked, "What are you going to do about it?"

"I wish I knew! That money-lender seems civilly inclined. I suppose you wouldn't advise me to try and renew—or whatever they call it?"

"No; I certainly shouldn't advise that. The only result would be that a short time hence you would be called upon to pay three or four thousand pounds, instead of two. I am afraid you will have to make a clean breast of it to your father."

"I'd rather do anything in the world almost than that!" exclaimed Brian quickly.

"But there is nothing else in the world to be done. He will be very angry, and he will say some harsh things; but that you must bear. This will be a great provocation to him—I know I should feel it so myself in his place—and I suppose it will be rather a serious loss too."

"That's just it!" sighed Brian. "I don't the least mind his abusing me; he has done that often enough before now, and I know very well that he doesn't mean half of what he says. But I hate the idea

of his being done out of two thousand pounds, poor old fellow! It's all he can do to make both ends meet as it is, and he won't put down useless servants and horses. His one notion of economy is to deny himself. I wish I could raise the money somehow! I wish I could earn it! It's rather disgraceful for a man to be without means of making his living, don't you think so?"

"Well, hardly in your case, because Sir Brian wouldn't let you enter any profession, and I dare say, as he grows older, you may be of use to him at home. As for your raising or earning this sum, of course that is out of the question. Your father will have to pay it. If that is a punishment to you—and I know it is—you must remember that you deserve some punishment. It doesn't require such a very great deal of moral courage to refuse to back a bill, does it?"

"I'll never do such a thing again in my life; I can promise you that much," answered Brian penitently. "I don't think it was want of moral courage that made me do it this time either. I supposed it would be all right."

"Then you must suffer for your folly," returned Monckton, smiling and rising from his chair. "My time is up now, and I haven't given you much comfort, I'm afraid."

"I can't say that you have," Brian confessed; "but you have told me what to do, and that was all that I came here to ask. Good-bye, Monckton, and thanks for your advice. I'll turn up for the choir-practice on Saturday."

After he was gone Monckton stood for a moment, stroking his chin with his right hand, while he rested his elbow upon the palm of his left. "Poor boy!" he mused; "I should have liked to lend him the money, and I believe I might have managed it; but it would have been a mistake. He had to learn his lesson sooner or later, and he will get a sharp one now, I suspect. It's fortunate that he is so sweet-tempered."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR BRIAN PRONOUNCES JUDGMENT.

BRIAN's ears tingled a little as he walked away from the vicarage. He had an immense respect for John Monckton; he was extremely sensitive to any censure that might fall upon him from a quarter whence censure seldom fell upon anybody, and in the not very severe rebuke which

had been addressed to him there had been one thing which he had not liked. Monckton had accused him of moral cowardice. Now he did not conceive himself to be wanting in courage of any kind, nor in truth had he backed Tracy's bill from any weak disinclination to say no, but out of sheer heedlessness and misplaced faith in another man's word. That might be, and in fact had been proved to be, foolish; but it was not cowardice. In truth, Brian, though sincerely regretting his folly, imputed rather less blame to himself in this matter than perhaps he ought to have done. However, it did not take him long to pardon John Monckton, while, as for the tremendous wiggling which he would doubtless receive from his father, he had no difficulty at all about pardoning that in advance. His feelings were entirely different from those which nine young men out of ten would have experienced in his place. Nine young men out of ten are aware that results count for a great deal more than motives in this world, and that the heinousness of owing two thousand pounds is little, if at all, extenuated by the circumstance that somebody else has spent the money. What distressed Brian was, as he had said, rather that misfortune had come upon his father than that he had been the cause thereof.

That his father would abuse him like a pickpocket was a matter of course; his father always did abuse somebody when misfortunes happened, and was sorry for it immediately afterwards. Poor choleric Sir Brian would fly out at his coachman, his butler, or his gamekeeper; would use language to them which, proceeding from any other master, would have brought about a prompt resignation on the part of the aggrieved servant; and then, a few hours later, he would seek them out, with a penitent, hang-dog countenance, and say, "I beg your pardon, So-and-so, I forgot myself just now. I ought never to have spoken as I did." To which these worthy folks would reply, "Oh, never mind, Sir Brian! don't you worry yourself about that." "Not but what you richly deserved it, you know," Sir Brian would often rejoin, if he chanced to remember what had made him angry; and so the whole affair would blow over, with a laugh on both sides.

It was with this easy toleration that Brian was in the habit of accepting the old gentleman's tirades. He understood the hasty temperament which was so unlike his own; he loved his father (who in

truth was a lovable man), and, owing to that dissimilarity of temperament, his affection was in many ways more paternal than filial. Brian the younger was always making allowances — a thing which Brian the elder had never done in all his life.

Thus our young friend went his way, with far too little of the Prodigal's spirit upon him, and gave his mind to the consideration of how £2,000 might be most easily raised. Being singularly devoid of information bearing upon such subjects, he soon allowed his thoughts to drift away to Turle's *Magnificat* in D, and thence, by a natural transition, to the pleasing fact that Miss Huntley meant to be in church on Sunday. Would she come in the morning or in the evening? he wondered. Probably in the morning, because of late dinner, which was a pity, the evening music being always the more beautiful. However, he would do his best, and perhaps, if she was very much pleased with the first service, she might return for the second. Then perhaps — Here Brian's reflections became less precise, but a beatific vision of walking home with Miss Huntley in the moonlight presented itself to his imagination.

On reaching home he found that Sir Brian was away on magisterial duty, and would not be back before dinner-time, while Gilbert, who had gone off with his gun to shoot the partridges of a neighbor, was not likely to return home so long as the daylight lasted. Brian was not ill-pleased with a reprieve which compelled him to postpone his avowal to the hour which might be considered the most favorable of the twenty-four for making it. His father, like many another good man, was commonly in a genial mood after dinner, and if there was a moment at which it could be tolerable to him to hear that his son and heir had committed an act of egregious folly, it would probably be when he had drawn his chair round to the fire-side and was sipping his second glass of claret.

However, when the dinner hour arrived, it appeared that the fates were not as propitious that day as could have been wished. Sir Brian had sat upon the bench for a considerable number of years; yet he had never been quite able on these occasions to divest himself of the impression that he was presiding at a court-martial. The consequence was that he sometimes exceeded his powers and had to be set right; whence unpleasantness was too apt to ensue. It is probable that some

such *contretemps* had occurred in the course of the afternoon, for Sir Brian had returned home in what Gilbert called a "gunpowdery temper." He had not been seated at table for five minutes before he had managed to fall foul of everybody within reach, as well as of sundry others, who, happily for themselves, were out of reach. He began by stating, without giving grounds for the assertion, that Admiral Greenwood was a wooden-headed, opinionated old ignoramus, who knew just about as much of the laws of his country as he did of the ordinary courtesies of society; and when Gilbert, with something less than his accustomed tact, took up the cudgels on behalf of the offending admiral, he was incontinently commanded to hold his tongue.

Then the butler caught it. "Porter," called out Sir Brian furiously, "how many times am I to speak to you about your boots? Creaking I can put up with—I am obliged to put up with it, because I know that no earthly consideration would induce you to spare me that annoyance—but I cannot and I will not tolerate boots which literally yell. Go and take them off this minute."

After this the footman was ordered to leave the room for dropping a fork; and when the cook had been informed by message that she would disgrace a village pot-house it seemed as though justice had been dealt out impartially to everybody except Brian, who had bowed his head before the storm and was eating his dinner in silence. However, his turn was coming, and perhaps the old gentleman may have had an intuition of that. Soon after the dessert had been put upon the table Gilbert made a grimace at his brother, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and slipped away. Sir Brian, who was moving towards the fire at the moment, did not at first notice the absence of his second son, but when he did he made a grievance of it.

"Gilbert is not very ceremonious, I must say," he remarked. "In my young days it used not to be considered good manners to march away from the dinner-table without a word of apology, but I suppose it would be too much to expect civility from the present generation. Pray don't let me detain you if you want to go and play the piano or the hurdy-gurdy or anything of that kind."

"I don't want to play anything just now," answered Brian good-humoredly, "and I'm glad Gilbert has gone, because

I have something to tell you. Something unpleasant, I am sorry to say."

"Oh, that's of course," grumbled the old gentleman; "it isn't often that you have pleasant things to tell me. Well, go on; you have let one of the horses down, I suppose. Just like you."

"I wish that were all; though I don't think it would have been particularly like me to do it. No; I have done much worse; I've got into a horrid money difficulty."

"Then you had better get out of it the best way you can. I haven't a spare shilling, and I am tired of paying your bills. You are not a child any longer; you know what you have to spend, and you must make it do. When I was your age I received a smaller allowance, and had to pay my mess expenses out of it."

"I know I have been extravagant," Brian acknowledged; "but I mean to turn over a new leaf now and spend nothing on extras. I fact, I was going to ask you to give me a hundred a year less in future."

"Give you a hundred a year less!" repeated his father incredulously. "May I inquire why?"

"Because I am afraid you will have to pay down a rather large sum for me. I am very sorry about it; but it hasn't been altogether my fault. When I was at Oxford I backed a bill for a man who has since come to grief and disappeared, and now the money-lender writes to me to demand payment."

Sir Brian's features hardened. Hitherto he had been only playing at anger, by way of getting rid of pent-up irritation; but he was really angry now, and this sobered him.

"You have backed a bill," said he with awful calmness. "For how much, may I ask?"

"I can't tell you; I have forgotten what it was originally. But it is close upon two thousand pounds now."

"Have you the money-lender's letter?" inquired Sir Brian. "The chances are that you have been swindled."

Brian produced the letter and handed it to his father, who read it through deliberately.

"And where," asked the latter presently, "do you suppose that I am going to find two thousand pounds?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Brian.

"You don't know! I can well believe that; and you might add with equal truth that you don't care. What if I decline to satisfy this extortionate demand? What

would happen, do you think, in that case? Oh, don't trouble yourself to answer; you don't know, and you don't care. Now, be so good as to listen to me for a few minutes. When I succeeded to this property I found it heavily embarrassed. With some difficulty, and by exercising the greatest care, I have now very nearly freed it, and if I were to die to-morrow my successor would be able — just able — to live in a style becoming his position. He would have to look after the pounds, though, and not despise even the shillings. As I have never seen any reason to expect that my successor would be as economical as I have been, it has been my wish to lay by a trifle every year, so that he might find himself with a certain sum of ready money in hand to start with. You would probably be much amused if I told you how small have been the annual amounts that I have contrived to devote to this fund; two thousand pounds, I may say, will make a very large hole in it. And now I have to ask myself — not for the first time — whether you are one to whom I can safely entrust the keeping up of our estate and our name."

Brian was somewhat impressed by this harangue, which was not at all in the style that he had anticipated; but he did not understand that his father was threatening to disinherit him.

"My only excuse," said he, "is that it never occurred to me to think that Tracy would leave me in the lurch. Indeed, I don't think now that he meant to do such a thing."

"Upon my honor," exclaimed Sir Brian, "your excuse seems to me to be your condemnation. If you were a spendthrift, as young fellows often are, there would be a chance of your sowing your wild oats; but you are a great deal worse than that; you are hopelessly incapable and indifferent. You will always be at the mercy of a swindler; you will always be in difficulties, and you will always think that it doesn't much matter. I believe you think that the loss of this two thousand pounds doesn't much matter to me."

Brian sighed.

"No; I don't think that, and I know it will worry you terribly, and I wish with all my heart that it didn't." He added, after a pause: "I wonder whether you would allow me to make a suggestion."

"Make your suggestion by all means," answered his father, with a short laugh, "it is sure to be sensible and practical."

"Well, really I think so," said the young

man. "It won't be what you like, perhaps; but I believe it is sensible and practical. Why should you not make this money by letting Buswell have a few acres of land to build villas upon? Would the loss of those few acres spoil the symmetry of the property in any degree? Would it cause you the smallest personal inconvenience? I understand your objecting to sacrifice the Manor House; but really —"

Sir Brian literally bounded off his chair "That will do, sir!" he thundered; "that will do. It is very evident now what would happen if you stepped into my shoes after my death. My wishes would be cast to the winds, all the toil and sacrifice of my life would be thrown away."

He stopped short and seemed to have some difficulty in getting rid of an obstruction in his throat. Then he resumed speaking with forced deliberation, but with a slight quiver in his voice.

"You have been good enough to let me see your intentions; I shall be equally candid with you. You will never inherit this property. I consider that you have forfeited your claim to it, and I shall put your brother in your place. This is not a mere personal question between you and me. I hold myself responsible to those who have gone before as well as to those who will follow after me, and I have not the right to leave Beckton in unworthy hands."

"Beckton is yours, sir, to do what you like with," answered Brian quietly.

This cool acquiescence did not half please the old man, who perceived that his son did not take him seriously.

"When it is too late," said he, "you will perhaps be sorry for having defied me."

"My dear father, I am not defying you."

"Not defying me!" shouted Sir Brian, working himself up into a passion. "How can you have the face to say that! You disregard my most solemn injunctions; you tell me in so many words that you are only waiting for my death to cut the whole place up into building-lots, and then you assert that you are not defying me! Upon my word, I stand astounded at your impudence!"

Before Brian could make any reply to this somewhat exaggerated accusation, the door opened and Gilbert entered. Sir Brian instantly burst out into an impetuous explanation.

"Gilbert, you will consider yourself henceforth as my heir. I can trust you

to carry on the work that I have begun; I can't trust your brother. He has made a proposition to me which — which I shall find it difficult to pardon; although his conduct has brought its own punishment with it. To-morrow I shall alter my will."

And, without waiting for a rejoinder from either of the young men, Sir Brian hastily left the room.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Gilbert compassionately, "what have you been doing?"

Brian briefly related the story of Tracy's misadventures, and of his own participation therein.

"The governor has run away with an utterly absurd notion," he added in conclusion. "I only put it to him whether it would not be worth while to part with a small strip of land, and he instantly assumed that I wanted to sell the whole property. He has a mania upon that subject, you know."

Gilbert shook his head.

"People who have manias ought to be humored," he remarked. "I'm afraid you have made a very great mistake, old man. Heaven knows I have never dreamt of cutting you out; but if the thing is to be, you may be sure, at any rate, that I shan't let you starve."

Brian looked a little surprised.

"Oh, thanks," he answered, "but I don't think there is much fear. The governor threatens all manner of dire things when he's in a rage; but he doesn't act hastily. To-morrow morning he will see the utter injustice of what he calls his intentions."

It must be admitted that Brian was rather exasperating to sensible, matter-of-fact folks. Gilbert was not sure that the injustice of putting him in the place of an inept elder brother would be so very glaring, nor did he quite like the cavalier fashion in which his prospective generosity had been acknowledged.

"Well," said he, "time will show. For my own part, I shall be sincerely sorry if my father sticks to his word."

"I am sure of that," replied Brian, with a nod and a smile. "Everybody says you ought to have been the elder brother, and in one sense I believe everybody is right; though I fancy you would have been rather thrown away as a country squire. However, you are not the elder brother, and you can't be made so by the stroke of a pen. The governor will see that when he comes to think things over. Are you going to plunge into law-books now, or shall we have a game of billiards?"

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

AMONG THE TRANSYLVANIAN SAXONS.*

WHEN the waving surface of the green oat-fields begins to assume a golden tint, when the swelling heads of Indian corn hang heavy on their stalks, and the sweating peasant prepares for the last act of his hard summer labor, then also do the goodwives in the village begin to talk of matters which have been lying dormant till now.

Well-informed people may have hinted before that such and such a youth had been seen more than once stepping in at the gate of the red or green house in the long village street, and more than one gossip had been ready to identify the speckled carnations adorning the hat of some youthful Konrad or Thomas as having been grown in the garden of a certain Anna or Maria; but after all, these had been but mere conjectures, for nothing positive could be known as yet, and ill-natured people were apt to console themselves with the reflection that St. Katherine's Day was a long way off, and that there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

But now the great day which will dispel all doubt, and put an end to surmise, is approaching, — that day which will destroy so many illusions and fulfil so few; for now the sun has given the last touch to the ripening grain, and soon the golden sheaves are lying piled together on the clean-shorn stubble-fields, only waiting to be carted away.

Then one evening when the sun is sinking low on the horizon, and clouds of dust along the highroad announce the approach of the returning cattle, a drum is heard in the village street, and a voice proclaims aloud that "to-morrow the oats are to be fetched home."

Like wildfire this news has spread throughout the village, the cry is taken up and repeated from mouth to mouth with various intonations of hope, curiosity, anticipation, or triumph — "To-morrow the oats will be fetched!"

A stranger, no doubt, fails to perceive anything particularly thrilling about this intelligence, having no reason to suppose the bringing in of oats to be in any way more interesting than the carting of potatoes or wheat; and to the majority of landowners, the thought of to-morrow's work is chiefly connected with dry, prosaic details, such as repairing the harness and oiling the cart-wheels; but there are

* For portions of the matter contained in this article, I am indebted to the accounts of a Saxon village pastor, who has made of his people the study of a lifetime.

others in the village on whom the announcement has had an electrifying effect, and for whom the words are synonymous with love and wedding bells.

Five or six of the young village swains, or maybe as many as eight or ten, spend that evening in a state of pleasurable bustle and excitement; busying themselves in cleaning and decking out the cart which is to fetch the oats to-morrow, furbishing up the best harness, grooming the work-horses till their coats are made to shine like satin, and plaiting up their manes with gaudy-colored ribbons.

Early next morning the sound of harness-bells and the loud cracking of whips causes all curious folk to rush to their doors; and as every one is curious, the whole population is soon assembled in the street, to gaze at the sight of young Thomas, all attired in his bravest clothes, and wearing a monstrous nosegay in his cap, riding postilion on the left-hand horse, and cracking his whip with ostentatious triumph, while behind, in the gaily decorated cart, is seated a blushing maiden, who lowers her eyes in confusion at seeing herself the object of general attention, — at least this is what she is supposed to do, for every well-brought-up maiden ought surely to blush and hang her head in graceful embarrassment when she first appears in the character of a bride; and although no formal proposal has taken place, yet by consenting to assist the young man to bring in his oats, she has virtually confessed her willingness to become his wife.

Her appearance on this occasion will doubtless cause much envy and disappointment among her less fortunate companions, who peep out furtively through the chinks of the wooden shutters, at this sight of a triumph they had hoped for themselves.

"So it is the red-haired Susanna, after all, and not the miller's Agnes, as every one made sure," the gossips are saying. "And who has young Martin got on his cart, I wonder? May I never spin flax again, if it is not verily the black-haired Lisi who was all but promised to small-pox Peter of the red house," — and so on, and so on, in endless variety, as the carts go by in procession, each one giving rise to manifold remarks and commentaries, and not one of them but leaves disappointment and heartburnings in its rear.

This custom of the maiden helping the young man to bring in his oats, and thereby signifying her willingness to become his wife, is prevalent only in a certain district

in the north of Transylvania called the *Huferland*, the land of oats, a broad expanse of country covered at harvest time by a billowy sea of golden grain, the whole fortune of the landowners.

In other parts of the country, various other bridal customs are prevalent, as for instance in Neppendorf, a large village in the neighborhood of Hermanstadt, inhabited partly by Saxons, partly by Austrians, or *Ländler*, as they call themselves. This latter race is of more recent introduction in the country than the Saxons (who count seven centuries since their emigration), having only come hither in the time of Maria Theresa, who had summoned them to the country in order to replenish some of the Saxon colonies in danger of becoming extinct. If it is strange to note how rigidly the Saxons have kept themselves from mingling with the surrounding Magyar and Roumanian races, it is yet more curious to see how these two German races have existed side by side for over a hundred years without amalgamating, — and this for no antagonistic reason, for they live together in perfect harmony, attending the same church, and conforming to the same regulations, but each preserving its own identical customs and costume.

The Saxons and *Ländler* have each their different parts of the church assigned to them; no Saxon woman would ever think of donning the fur cap of a *Ländler* matron — as little would the latter exchange her tight-fitting coat for the wide-hanging cloak of the other woman.

Until quite lately, unions have very seldom taken place between members of these two races. Only within the last twenty years, have some of the Saxon men awoke to the consciousness that the Austrian women made better and more active housewives than their own phlegmatic countrywomen, and have consequently sought them in marriage. Even then, when both parties are willing, and all preliminaries have been arranged, many a projected union makes shipwreck on the inflexibility of the two fathers, who will neither concede the least trifle to the other's wishes. Thus, for instance, when the Saxon father of the bridegroom demands that his future daughter-in-law should adopt Saxon attire when she becomes the wife of his son, the Austrian father, as likely as not, will take offence, and withdraw his consent at the last moment. Not a pin nor a bow will either of these two consent to sacrifice to their children's happiness.

Thus many hopeful marriages have been nipped in the bud, and those few which have been accomplished, have been almost invariably based on the understanding that each party retains its own attire, the daughters following the mother, the sons the father, in the matter of costume.

Among the Ländlers, the marriage proposal takes place in a way which deserves to be mentioned. The youth having secretly fixed upon the girl he would like to make his wife, prepares a new silver thaler (about 2s. 6d.) by winding round it a piece of bright-colored ribbon, and wrapping the whole in a clean sheet of white letter-paper. With this coin in his pocket, he repairs to the next village dance, and takes an opportunity of slipping it unobserved into the maiden's hand while they are dancing together. By no word or look does she betray any consciousness of his action, and only when back at home she produces the gift, and acquaints her parents with what has taken place. A family council is then held as to the merits of the pretendant and the expediency of accepting or rejecting the proposal. If the latter be decided upon, the maiden must hasten to intrust the silver coin to a near female relation of the young man, who, on receiving it back, is given thereby to understand that he has nothing further to hope in that direction; but if three days have elapsed without the gift being returned, he is entitled to regard this as a consent, and may commence to visit in the house, on the footing of an official wooer. In cases of rejection, it is considered as a point of honor that no word should betray any hint of what has passed to the outside world — a delicate reticence one is surprised to find in these simple folk.

This giving of the silver coin is probably a remnant of the old custom of buying the bride, and in many villages it is still usual to talk of the *Braut-Kaufen*.

To return, however, to the land of oats, where, after the harvest has been got in successfully, the bridegroom prepares to make fast the matter, or, in other words, officially to demand the maiden's hand of her parents. It is not consistent with village etiquette, however, that the bridegroom *in spe* should apply directly to the father of his intended, but he must depute some near relation, or an intimate friend, to bring forward the request. The girl's parents, on their side, likewise appoint a representative to transmit the answer. These two ambassadors are called the *Wortmacher* (wordmakers) — sometimes also the *Hochzeitsväter* (wedding fathers)

— and are treated with marked consideration and deference during the wedding festivities.

Much talking and speechifying are required to transact a peasant wedding correctly from beginning to end, and a fluent and eloquent Wortmacher is therefore a much-prized individual. Each village has its own set formulas for each of the like occasions — long-winded, pompous speeches, rigorously adhered to, and admitting of neither curtailment nor alteration. The following fragment of one of these speeches will give a correct notion of the general style of Saxon oration.

It is the Hochzeitsvater who, in the name of the young man's parents, speaks as follows: —

"A good morning to you herewith, dear neighbors, and I further wish to hear that you have rested softly this night, and been enabled to rise in health and strength this morning. And such being the case, I will thank the Almighty for his mercies towards you; and should your health and the peace and happiness of your household not be as good as might be desired in every respect, so at least will I thank the Almighty God that he has made your lot enduring, and beg him further to send you in future only so much grief and trouble as you may be enabled patiently to bear at a time.

"Furthermore, I crave your forgiveness that I have made bold to enter your house thus early in the morning, and trust that my presence herein may in no wise inconvenience you or put you to shame, but that I may always comport myself with honor and propriety, and that you may have no cause for displeasure in listening to the few words I have come hither to say.

"It has not remained unknown to me, dearest neighbor, that many years ago you were pleased to enter the holy state of matrimony, taking to yourself a beloved wife, with whom you have lived ever since in peace and happiness; and that furthermore, the Almighty God, not wishing to leave you alone in your union, was pleased to bless you, not only with transitory temporal goods, but with numerous offspring — with dearly beloved children — to be your joy and comfort. And amongst these dearly beloved children is a daughter, who has prospered and grown up in the fear of the Lord to be a comely and virtuous maiden.

"And as likewise it may not be unknown to you, that many years ago we too thought fit to enter the holy state of

matrimony, and that the Lord likewise was pleased to bless our union, not with temporal goods and riches, but with various beloved children, among whom is a son, who has grown up, not in a garden of roses, but in care and toil, and in fear of the Lord.

"And now this same son, having grown to be a man, has likewise bethought himself of entering the holy state of matrimony, and has prayed the Lord to guide him wisely in his choice, and to give him a virtuous and God-fearing companion.

"Therefore he has been led over mountains and valleys, through forests and rivers, over rocks and precipices, until he came to your house, and cast his eyes on the virtuous maiden your daughter. And the Lord having been pleased to touch the hearts of the two young people with a mighty love for each other, they have begged me to come hither to crave your consent to letting them become man and wife."

Probably the young couple have grown up within sight of each other, the garden of the one father adjoining the pigsty of the other, but the formula must be adhered to notwithstanding, and neither rocks nor precipices omitted from the programme of the speech; and even if the parents of the bride be a byword in the village for their noisy domestic quarrels, yet the little fiction of conjugal happiness must be kept up all the same, with a magnificent sacrifice of veracity to etiquette worthy of any diplomatic newspaper discussing a royal alliance. And in point of fact, a disinterested love-match amongst Saxon peasants is about as rare a thing as a genuine courtship between reigning princes. Most often it is a simple business contract, arranged between the heads of the families, who each of them hope to reap advantages from the contemplated alliance. It too often happens that young girls of fifteen, and even younger, having no experience of life or of their own feelings, are persuaded by their parents to give their hand with indifference, or even dislike, to some man whose property happens to fit in conveniently; and when they urge the want of sympathy to the husband proposed, these objections are met by the practical advice of the long-sighted parents—"Try him for a time, and perhaps you will get to like him; and if not, well the misfortune is not so great, and it will then be time enough to seek for a divorce."

When the answer to the proposal has been a consent, then the compact is sealed by a feast, called the *Brautvertrinken*

(bride-drinking), to which are invited only the nearest relations on either side, the places of honor at the head of the table being given to the two ambassadors who have transacted the business.

A second banquet, of a more solemn nature, is held some four weeks later, after the rings have been exchanged in the presence of the pastor.

The 25th of November, feast of St. Katherine, is in many districts the day selected for tying all these marriage knots. When this is not the case, then the weddings take place in Carnival, oftenest in the week following the Sunday when the gospel of the marriage at Cana has been read in Church, and Wednesday is considered the most lucky day for the purpose.

The preparations for the great day occupy the best part of a week in every house which counts either a bride or a bridegroom among its inmates. There are loaves and cakes of various sorts and shapes to be baked, fowls and pigs to be slaughtered—in wealthier houses even the sacrifice of a calf or ox is considered *de rigueur* for the wedding feast; and when this is the case, the tongue is carefully removed, and, placed upon the best china plate, with a few laurel leaves by way of decoration, is carried to the parsonage as the customary offering for the reverend *Herr Vater* (the pastor).

The other needful provisions for the banquet are collected in the following simple manner. On the afternoon of the Sunday preceding the wedding, six young men belonging to the brotherhood are despatched by the *Alt knecht* from house to house, where, striking a resounding knock on each door, they make the village street re-echo with their cry, *Bringt Rahm!*—"Bring cream!"

This is an invitation which none durst refuse. All those who belong to that neighborhood are bound to send contributions in the shape of milk and cream, eggs or butter, lard or bacon, to the wedding houses within their quarter. Every gift, even the smallest one of a couple of eggs, is received with thanks, and the bringer rewarded by a draught of wine.

Next day the women of both families assemble to bake the loaves for the wedding feast; the future mother-in-law of the bride-elect keeping a sharp lookout on the girl, to note whether she acquit herself creditably of her household duties. This day is in fact a sort of final examination the bride has to pass through, in order to prove herself worthy of her new dignity;

and woe to the maiden who is dilatory in mixing the dough or awkward in kneading the loaves!

While this is going on, the young men have been to the forest to fetch wood; for it is a necessary condition that the wood for heating the oven where the wedding loaves are baked should be brought in expressly for this occasion, even if there be small wood in plenty lying ready for use in the shed.

The cart is gaily decorated with flowers and streamers, and the wood conveyed home with much noise and merriment, much in the ancient English style of bringing in the Yule log. On their return from the forest, the courtyard gate is found to be closed, or else a rope from which are depended straw bunches and bundles, is stretched across the entrance. The women now advance with much clatter of pots and pans, and pretend to defend the yard against the besiegers; but the men tear down the rope and drive in triumphantly, each catching at a straw bundle in passing. Some of these are found to contain cakes or apples, others only broken crockery or egg-shells.

The young men sit up late into the night, splitting up the logs into suitable size for firewood. Their duties further consist in lighting the fire, drawing water from the well, and putting it to boil on the hearth. Thus they work till well into the small hours of the morning, now and then refreshing themselves with a hearty draught of home-made wine, the women meanwhile having lain down to rest.

When all is prepared, it is then the turn of the men to take some sleep, and they wake the girls with an old song, running somewhat as follows:—

All in the early morning grey
A lass would rise at break of day.
Arise, arise,
Fair lass, arise,
And ope your eyes,
For darkness flies,
And your true love will come to-day.

The lassie would so early fill
Her pitcher at the running rill.
Awake, awake,
Fair lass, awake,
The dawn doth break,
Your pitcher take,
For come to-day your true love will.

Another song of equally ancient origin is sung the evening before the marriage, when the bride takes leave of her friends and relations:—

FAREWELL SONG OF THE SAXON BRIDE.

I walked beside the old church wall,
My love stood there, but weeping all.
I greeted her, and then she spake:
"Dear love, my heart is like to break.
I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on its wing plumes white as snow!"

I set two roses in my father's land—
O father, dearest father, give me again thy hand!

I set two roses in my mother's land—
O mother, dearest mother, give me again thy hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

I set two roses in my brother's land—
O brother, dearest brother, give me again thy hand!

I set two roses in my sister's land—
O sister, dearest sister, give me again thy hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

I set again two roses under a bush of yew—
O comrades, dearest playmates, I say my last adieu!

No roses shall I set more in this my native land—

O parents, brother, comrades, give me once more your hand!

I must away, I must be gone;
When to return, God knows alone!
When to return?—when the black crow
Bears on his wing plumes white as snow!

And when I came to the dark fir-tree,
An iron kettle my father gave me;
And when I came unto the willow,
My mother she gave me a cap and a pillow.
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when unto the bridge I came,
I turned me round and looked back again;
I saw no father nor mother more,
And I bitterly wept, for my heart was sore.
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when I came before the gate,
The bolt was drawn, and I must wait;
And when I came to the wooden bench,
They said, "She's but a peevish wench!"
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

And when I came to the strangers' hearth,
They whispered, "She is little worth;"
And when I came before the bed,
I sighed, would I were yet a maid!
Woe's me! but those who part can tell
How sharp the pain to say farewell!

My house is built of goodly stone,
But in these walls I feel so lone!
A mantle of finest cloth I wear,
But 'neath it an aching heart I bear.
Loud howls the wind, wild drives the snow,
Parting, oh, parting is bitterest woe!
On the belfry tower is a trumpet shrill,
But down in the churchyard the dead lie still.

Very precise are the formalities to be observed in inviting the guests. A member of the bride's family is deputed as *Einklader* (inviter), and, invested with a brightly painted staff as insignia of his office, he goes the round of the friends and relations to be asked.

It is customary to invite all kinsfolk within the sixth degree of relationship, though many of these are not expected to comply with the summons—the invitation in such cases being simply a matter of form, politely tendered on the one side, and graciously received on the other, but not meant to be taken literally as being but honorary invitations.

Unless particular arrangements have been made to the contrary, it is imperative that the invitation, in order to be valid, should be repeated with all due formalities, as often as three times—the slightest negligence or divergence from this rule being severely judged and commented upon; and mortal offence has often been taken by a guest, who bitterly complains that he was only twice invited. In some villages it is, moreover, customary to invite anew for each one of the separate meals which take place during the three or four days of the wedding festivities.

Early on the wedding morning the bridegroom despatches the *Wortmann* with the *Morgengabe* (morning gift) to the bride. This consists in a pair of new shoes, to which are sometimes added other small articles, such as handkerchiefs, ribbons, a cap, apples, nuts, etc. The ambassador, in delivering over the gifts to the *Wortmann* of the other party, speaks as follows:—

"Good-morning Herr Wortmann, and all worthy friends here assembled; the friends from our side have charged me to wish you all a very good morning. I have further come here to remind you of the laudable custom of our fathers and grandfathers, who bethought themselves of presenting their brides with a trifling morning gift. In the same way our young master the bridegroom, not wishing to overlook this goodly patriarchal custom, has likewise sent me here with a trifling offering to his bride, trusting that this

small gift may be agreeable and pleasing to you all."

The bride, on her side, sends to the bridegroom a new linen shirt, sewed and embroidered with her own hands. This shirt he wears only twice—once on his wedding morning for going to church, the second time when he is carried to his grave.

Before going to church all the men assemble at the house of the bridegroom, and the women at that of the bride. The young people only accompany the bridal pair to church—the elder members of both families remaining at home until the third invitation has been delivered. Then all together proceed to the house of the bride, where the first day's festivities are held.

There is much speechifying and drinking of healths, and various meals are served up at intervals of three and four hours' distance, each guest being provided with a covered jug, which must be always kept replenished with wine.

It is usual for each guest to bring a small gift or contribution to the newly set up household of the young couple, and these are deposited on a table spread for the purpose in the centre of the courtyard; or, if the weather be unfavorable, inside the house, bride and bridegroom standing on either side to receive the gifts.

First it is the bridegroom's father, who, approaching the decorated table, deposits thereon a new, shining ploughshare, as symbol that his son must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; then the mother advances with a new pillow, adorned with bows of colored ribbon, and silver headpins stuck at the four corners. These gay adornments are meant to represent the pleasures and joys of the married state; but two long streamers of black ribbon, which hang down to the ground on either side, are placed there likewise, to remind the young couple of the crosses and misfortunes which must inevitably fall to their share.

The other relations of the bridegroom follow in due precedence, each with a gift in their hands. Sometimes it is a piece of home-made linen, a colored handkerchief, or some other article of dress or decoration; sometimes a roll of sheet-iron, a pair of scissors, thread and needles, a packet of nails, or a farming or gardening implement, each one laying down his or her offering with the words, "May it be pleasing to you."

Then follow the kinsfolk of the bride with similar gifts; her father presenting

her with a copper caldron or a kettle, the mother with a second pillow, decorated in the same manner as the first one.

Playful allusions are not unfrequently concealed in these gifts,—a doll's cradle, or a young puppy dog wrapped in swaddling-clothes, often figuring among the presents ranged on the table.

Various games and dances fill up the pauses between the meals; songs and speeches, often of a somewhat coarse and cynical nature, being a part of the usual programme. Among the games enacted at some of the Saxon peasant weddings, there is one which deserves to be mentioned, affording as it does a curious proof of the tenacity of old pagan rites and customs, transmitted by verbal tradition from one generation to the other. This is the *Rössel-Tanz*, or dance of the horses, evidently founded on an ancient Scandinavian legend to be found in Snorri's Edda. In this tale, the gods Thor and Loki came to a peasant's house in a carriage drawn by two goats or rams, and asked for a night's lodging. Thor killed the two rams, and with the peasant and his family consumed their flesh for supper. The bones were then ordered to be thrown in a heap on to the hides of the animals; but one of the peasant's sons had, in eating, broken open a bone, in order to get at the marrow within, and next morning, when the god commanded the goats to get up, one of them limped on the hind leg, because of the broken bone. At first Thor was in a great rage, and threatened to destroy the whole family, but finally allowed himself to be pacified, and accepted the two sons as hostages.

In the peasant drama we have now before us, the gods Thor and Loki are replaced by a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel, and instead of two goats, there are two horses and one goat, also the two sons of the peasants are here designated as Wallachians. Everything is of course much distorted and changed, but still all the principal features of the drama, which space forbids me here to enlarge upon, are clearly recognizable. The killing of the goat and its subsequent resurrection, the rage of the colonel, and the transferment of the two Wallachians into his service, being all parts of the performance.

At midnight, or sometimes later, when the guests are about to depart, there prevails in some villages a custom which goes by the name of *den Borten abtanzen*—dancing down the bride's crown or head-dress. This head-covering, which can only be described as resembling a chim-

ney-pot hat without brim or crown, and from which depend long streamers of ribbon reaching to the ground, is the sign of her maidenhood, which she must lay aside now that she has become a wife, and it is danced off in the following manner. All the married women present, except, perhaps, a few very old and decrepit ones, join hands, the two brideswomen taking the bride between them. Thus forming a wide circle, they dance backwards and forwards, round and round the room, sometimes forming a knot in the centre, sometimes far apart with outstretched arms, till suddenly, either by accident or on purpose, the chain is broken through at one place, which is the signal for all to rush out into the court-yard, still holding hands. From some dark corner there now springs unexpectedly a stealthy robber, one of the bridesmen, who has been lying there in wait to rob the bride of her crown. Sometimes she is defended by two brothers or relations, who, dealing out blows with twisted handkerchiefs or towels, endeavor to keep the thief at a distance; but the struggle always ends with the loss of the headdress, which the young matron bewails with many tears and sobs. The brideswomen now solemnly invest her with her new head-gear, which consists in a snowy cap and veil, held together by silver or jewelled pins, which are sometimes of considerable value.

When the young couple go to church the day after the wedding, they are met at the church door by a group of masked figures, who surround them, singing and hooting, and playfully endeavor to separate the young matron from her husband. If they succeed in so doing, then he must win her back in a hand-to-hand fight with his adversaries, or else he must give a piece of money as her ransom.

In general, it is considered a bad omen for the married life of the young couple if the wife be separated from her husband on this occasion, therefore it is customary for the young husband to take his stand close by the church door while his wife is praying within, and then be ready to catch hold of her as soon as she steps outside. For greater precaution, the man often holds her round the waist with both hands during the dance which immediately takes place before the church, and at which they assist merely as spectators, taking no active part, as it is not considered seemly to dance in the church attire.

As commonly several couples are married at the same time, it is usual for each separate wedding party to bring its own

band of music, and dance thus independently of the others.

On the occasion of a triple wedding I lately witnessed, it was very amusing to watch the three wedding parties coming down the street, each accelerating its pace till it came to be a sort of race up to the church door to secure the best dancing-place. The ground being rough and slanting, there was only one spot where anything like a flat dancing-floor could be obtained, and the winning party at once secured this enviable position, while the others had to put up with an inclined plane or a few hillocks accidenting their ball-room floor.

The ten to sixteen couples belonging to each wedding party are enclosed in a ring of bystanders, each rival band of music playing away with heroic disregard for the scorched ears of the listeners. "Polka!" calls out the first group; "*Walzer!*" roars the second, for it is a point of honor that each party should display a noble independence in taking its own line of action; and if, out of mere coincidence, two of the bands happen to strike up the self-same tune, one of them is sure to change to something totally different as soon as aware of the unfortunate mistake,—the caterwauling effect produced by this system baffling all description. "This is nothing at all," said the worthy pastor, from whose garden I was overlooking the scene, laughing at the evident dismay with which I endeavored to stop my ears. "Sometimes we have eight or ten weddings at a time, each with their own fiddlers. That is something worth hearing indeed!"

The rest of that day is spent much in the same manner as the former one, only this time in the house of the bridegroom's parents.

Among the customs attached to this first day of wedded life is that of breaking the distaff. If the young matron can succeed in doing so at one stroke across her knee, then she will be sure to have strong and healthy sons. If the reverse, she has only girls to expect.

The third day is called the finishing-up day, each of the two families assembling its own friends and relations to consume the provisions remaining over from the former banquet, and at the same time to wash up the cooking utensils and the crockery, restoring whatever has been borrowed from neighbors in the shape of plates, wine-jugs, etc., etc., the new-married couple joining the entertainment, now at the one, now at the other house. This

day is the closing of the wedding festivities, which have kept both families in a state of unusual bustle and excitement for fully a week. Everything now returns to every-day order and regularity, the young couple usually taking up their abode in a small back room in the house of the young man's parents, and putting off till the following spring the important business of setting to build a house of their own. Dancing and feasting are now at an end, and henceforward the earnest of life begins.

By-and-by, when a few months have passed over the head of the new-married couple, and the young matron becomes aware that the prophecies pointed at by the doll's cradle and the broken distaff are likely to come true, she is carefully instructed as to the conduct she must observe in order to ensure the well-being of herself and her child.

In the first place, she must on no account conceal her state, or deny it when interrogated on the subject—for if she do so, her child will never learn to speak; nor may she wear beads on her neck, for that would cause the infant to be strangled at its birth. Carrying peas or beans in her apron will produce malignant eruptions; and sweeping a chimney will make the child narrow-breasted.

On no account should she be allowed to pull off her husband's boots, nor to hand him a glowing coal to light his pipe; for both these actions bring misfortune. In driving to market she may not sit with her back to the horses, nor may she ever drink at the well out of a wooden bucket.

Also, her intercourse with the pigsty must be very carefully regulated; for if she listen too attentively to the grunting of pigs, her child will have a deep, grunting voice; and if she kick the swine or push them away with her foot, the infant will have bristly hair on its back. Hair on the face will be the result of beating a dog or cat, and twins will be the consequence of eating double cherries or sitting at the corner of the table.

During this time she may not stand god-mother to any other child, or else she will lose her own baby, which will equally be sure to die if she walk round a newly made grave.

If any one throw a flower suddenly at the woman who expects to become a mother, and hits her with it on the face, her child will have a mole at the same place touched by the flower.

Should the young matron imprudently

have neglected one of these rules, and have cause to fear that an evil spell has been cast on her child, she has, however, several very efficacious recipes for undoing the harm. Thus if she sit on the doorstep with the feet resting on a broom for five minutes at a time on seven consecutive Fridays, thinking the while of her unborn babe, it will be released from the impending doom; or else let her sit there on Sundays, when the bells are ringing, with her hair hanging unplaited down her back; or else climb up the belfry tower and look down at sunset on to the landscape below.

When the moment of the birth is approaching, the windows must be carefully hung over with sheets and cloths to prevent witches from entering; but all locks and bolts should, on the contrary, be opened, else the event will be retarded.

If the new-born infant be weakly, it is usual to put yolks of eggs, a glass of old wine, bran, or sawdust into its first bath.

Very important for the future luck and prosperity of the infant is the day of the week and month on which it happens to have been born.

Sunday is of course the luckiest day, and twelve o'clock at noon, when the bells are ringing, the most favorable hour for entering upon life. If a Sunday's child have its fingers rubbed with oil on every seventh birthday (7th, 14th, 21st, etc.), it will henceforward be able to perceive underground treasures through its transparent finger-tips.

Wednesday children are *Schlabberkind-er* — that is, chatterboxes; Friday bairns are unfortunate; but in some districts Saturday is yet more unfortunate, while in other places they are merely supposed to grow up dirty.

Whoever is born on a stormy night will die of a violent death.

The full moon or growing moon is favorable, but the decreasing moon will produce weakly and unhealthy babes.

All children born between Easter and Pentecost are more or less lucky, unless they happen to have come on one of the distinctly unlucky days, of which I here quote the most important. These unlucky days are: —

January 1st, 2d, 6th, 11th, 17th, and 18th.
February 8th, 14th, and 17th.
March 1st, 3rd, 13th, and 15th,
April 1st, 3d, 15th, 17th, 18th.
May 8th, 10th, 17th, 30th.
June 1st, 17th.
July 1st, 5th, 6th, 14th.
August 1st, 3d, 17th, 18th.

September 2d, 15th, 18th, 30th.

October 15th, 17th.

November 1st, 7th, and 11th.

December 1st, 6th, 11th, and 15th.

I leave it to more penetrating spirits to decide whether these seemingly capricious figures be regulated on some hidden system, the mystic workings of which have baffled my understanding; so that I am utterly at a loss to explain why January and April have the greatest number of unlucky days assigned to them, while June and October have the smallest proportion; and why the 1st and 17th are hardly ever harmless, while all days between the 18th and 30th are invariably good.

Both mother and child must be carefully watched over during the first few days after the birth, and all evil influences averted. The visit of another woman who has herself a babe at the breast, may deprive the young mother of her milk; and any one who enters the house without sitting down, will assuredly carry off the infant's sleep.

If the child be subject to frequent and apparently groundless fits of crying, that is a sure sign that it has been bewitched, either by some one whose eyebrows are grown together, and may consequently be supposed to have the evil eye, or by one of the invisible evil spirits whose power is great before the child has been taken to church; but even a person with quite commonplace eyebrows may convey evil by unduly praising the child's good looks, unless the mother remembers to spit on the ground as soon as the words are spoken.

I will here quote a few specimens of the various recipes in vogue for undoing such evil spells: —

Nine straws, which must be counted backwards from nine till one, should be placed in a jug of water, drawn from the river with the current, not against; into this are thrown parings of wood from off the cradle, the doorstep, and the four corners of the room in which the child was born, also nine pinches of ashes, likewise counted backwards. When all these various ingredients have been boiled up together, the water is poured boiling hot into a large basin, and the pot left in it upside down. If the boiling water draws itself into the jug (as of course it will), that is proof positive that the child was bewitched; and the mother should moisten its forehead with the water before it is cold, and give it (still counting backwards) nine drops to drink.

The child that has been bewitched may likewise be held above a red-hot ploughshare on which a glass of wine has been poured; or else a glass of water in which a red-hot horseshoe has been placed, given to drink.

In almost every village there used, not long ago, to be old women who made a regular trade out of preparing the water which was to undo evil spells.

The Saxon mother is careful not to leave her child alone until it has been baptized, for fear of the malignant spirits, who may steal it away, leaving an uncouth elf in its place. Whenever a child grows up clumsy and heavy, with large head, wide mouth, stump nose, and crooked legs, the gossips are ready to swear that it has been changed in the cradle, more especially if it prove awkward and slow in learning to speak. To guard against such an accident, it is recommended to mothers obliged to leave their infants alone, to place beneath the pillow either a prayer-book, a broom, a loaf of bread, or a knife stuck point upwards.

Very cruel remedies have sometimes been resorted to in order to force the evil spirits to restore the child they have stolen, and take back their own changeling. For instance, the unfortunate little creature suspected of being an elf was placed astride upon a hedge and beaten with a thorny branch till it was quite bloody; it was then supposed that the evil spirits brought back the stolen child.

The infant should not be suffered to look at itself in the glass till after the baptism, nor should it be held near an open window. A very efficacious preservative against all sorts of evil spells is to hang round the child's neck a little triangular bag stuffed with grains of incense, wormwood, and various aromatic herbs, and with an adder's head embroidered outside; a gold coin sewed into the cap will likewise keep the spirits away.

Two godfathers and two godmothers are generally appointed at Saxon peasant christenings, and it is customary that one couple should be old and the other young; but in no case should a husband and wife figure as god-parents at the same baptism, but each one of the quartet must belong to a different family. This is the general custom; but in some districts the rule demands two godfathers and one godmother for a boy—two godmothers and one godfather for a girl.

If the parents have lost other children before, then the infant should not be carried out by the door in going to church,

but handed out by the window, and brought back in the same way. It should be carried by the broadest street, never by narrow lanes, else it will learn thieving.

The godparents must not look round on their way to church; and the first person met by the christening procession will decide the sex of the next child to be born—a boy if it be a man.

If two children are baptized out of the same water, one of them will soon die; and if several boys are christened successively in the same church, there will be war in the land as soon as they are grown up. Many girls denote fruitful vintages for the country when they have attained a marriageable age.

If the child sleeps during the baptismal ceremony, then it will be pious and good-tempered; but if it cries, it will be bad-tempered or unlucky; therefore the first question asked by the parents on the return from church is generally, "Was it a quiet baptism?" and if such has not been the case, the sponsors are apt to conceal the truth.

In some places the christening procession returning to the house of the parents finds the door closed. After knocking for some time in vain, a voice from within summons the godfather to name seven bald men out of the parish. When this has been answered, a further question is asked as to the gospel read in church; and only on receiving the answer, "Let the little children come to me," is the door flung open, saying, "Come in; you have hearkened attentively to the words of the Lord."

The god-parents next inquiring, "Where shall we put the child?" receive the following answer:—

On the bunker let it be,
That it may jump like a flea;
Put it next upon the hearth,
Heavy gold it will be worth.
On the floor then let it sleep,
That it once may help to sweep;
On the table in a dish,
It will grow then like a fish.

After holding it successively on each of these places, it is finally put back into the cradle, while the guests prepare to enjoy the *Tauf-Schmaus*, or christening banquet.

Each person is expected to bring a small contribution in the shape of eggs, bacon, fruit, or cakes; and the god-parents do not fail to come each laden with a bottle of good wine, besides some other small gift for the child.

The banquet is a noisy and merry one,

and many are the games and jokes practised on these occasions. One of these, called the *Badspringen* (jumping the bath), consists in putting a lighted candle on a washing-trough, which is placed upside down on the ground. All the young women present are invited to jump over without upsetting or putting out the light. Those who are successful in this evolution will be mothers of healthy boys. If they are bashful, and refuse to jump, or should they be awkward enough to upset the candle, they will be childless, or have only girls.

The *Spiesstanz*, or spit-dance, is also usual on these occasions. Two roasting-spits are laid on the ground crosswise, as in the sword dance, and the movements executed much in the same manner.

Sometimes it is the grandfather of the new-born infant who opens the performance, proud of displaying his agility as he sings :—

Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet,
How I jump and slide,
How I hop and glide;
See how well I dance,
See how well I prance.
Purple plum so sweet,
See my nimble feet.

But if the grandfather be old and feeble, and if the godfathers cannot be induced to exert themselves, then it is usually the midwife who, for a small consideration, undertakes the dancing.

It is hardly ever customary for the young mother to be seated at table along with the guests; and even if she be well and hearty enough to have baked the cakes and milked the cows on that same day, etiquette demands that she should play the interesting invalid and lie in bed till the feasting be over.

For full four weeks after the birth of her child must she stay at home, and durst not step over the threshold of her courtyard, even though she has resumed all her daily occupations within the first week of her recovery. "I may not go outside till my time is out; the Herr Vater would be sorely angered if he saw me," is the answer I have often heard from a woman who declined to come out on to the road. Neither may she spin during these four weeks, lest her child should suffer from dizziness.

When the time of this enforced retirement has elapsed, the young mother repairs to church along with her infant to be blessed by the pastor; but before so doing she is careful to seek the nearest

well and throw down a piece of bread into its depths, probably as an offering to the *Brunnenfrau* supposed to reside in each water, who is said to lure little children down to her.

With these first four weeks the greatest perils of infancy are considered to be at an end; but no careful mother will fail to observe the many little customs and regulations which alone will ensure the further health and wellbeing of her child.

Thus she will always remember that the baby may only be washed between sunrise and sunset, and that the bathing-water may not be poured out into the yard at a place where any one can step over it, which would entail sickness or death, or at the very least deprive the child of its sleep.

Two children which cannot yet speak must not be allowed to kiss each other, or neither of them will ever learn to talk.

A book laid under the child's pillow will make it an apt scholar; and the water in which a young puppy has been washed, if used for the infant's bath, will cure it of all skin diseases.

Whoever steps over a child as it lies on the ground will cause it to die within a month. Other prognostics of death are to rock an empty cradle, to make the child dance in its bath, or to measure it with a yard measure before it can walk.

Death, to the Saxon peasants, appears in the light of a treacherous enemy, who must be met with open resistance, and may be conquered by courageous opposition or conciliated with a bribe. "He has put off death again with a slice of bread," is said of a man who has unexpectedly survived some great danger.

When the first signs of an approaching illness declare themselves in a man, all his friends are strenuous in advising him to held out against it, not to let himself go, but to grapple with this foe which has seized him unawares. Even though all the symptoms of typhus fever be already upon him, though his head be burning like fire, and his limbs heavy as lead, he is yet exhorted to bear up against it, and on no account to let himself lie down, for that would be a concession to the enemy.

In this way many a man goes about with death upon his face, determined not to give in, till he drops at last senseless in the field or yard where he has been working till the last moment.

Even then his family are not disposed to let him rest. With well-meaning but mistaken kindness, they endeavor to rouse

him by shouting in his ear. He must be made to wake up and walk about, or it will be all over with him; and not for the world would they send for a doctor, who can only be regarded as an omen of approaching death.

Some old woman versed in magic formulas, and learned in the decoction of herbs and potions, is hastily summoned to the bedside; and the unfortunate man would probably be left to perish without intelligent advice, unless the pastor, hearing of his illness, takes it upon himself to send for the nearest physician.

By the time the doctor has arrived, the illness has made rapid strides, and most likely the assistance comes too late. The first care of the doctor on entering the room will be to remove the warm fur cap and the heavy blankets, which are well nigh stifling the patient, and order him to be undressed and comfortably laid in his bed. He prescribes cooling compresses, and a medicine to be taken at regular intervals, but shakes his head and gives little hope of recovery.

Already this death is regarded as a settled thing in the village, for many of the gossips now remember to have heard the owl shriek in the passing nights, or there has been an unusual howling of dogs just about midnight. Others call to mind how over-merry the old man had been four weeks ago, when his youngest grandchild was christened, and that is ever a sign of approaching death. "And only a week ago," says another village authority, "when we buried old mother Barbara, there was an amazing power of dust round the grave, and the Herr Vater sneezed twice during his sermon; and that, as every one knows, infallibly means another funeral before long. Mark my words, ere eight days have passed he will be lying under the nettles."

The village carpenter, who has long been out of work, now hangs about the street in hopes of a job. "How is the old man?" he anxiously inquires of a neighbor.

"The pastor has just gone in to knock off the old sinner's irons," is the irreverent answer.

"Then I may hope to be called in soon for making his coat (coffin). High time I was able to turn an honest penny again. I have a heap of damaged boards which were refused by the railway engineers still lying on my hands."

Sometimes, however, it is the thrifty peasant himself who, knowing the ways of village carpenters, and foreseeing this in-

evitable contingency, has taken care to provide himself with a well-made solid coffin years before there was any probability of its coming into use. He has himself chosen out the boards, tested their soundness, and driven a hard bargain for his purchase, laying himself down in the coffin to assure himself of the length being sufficient. For many years this useless piece of furniture has been standing in the loft, covered with dust and cobwebs, and serving perhaps as a receptacle for old iron or discarded shoes; and now it is the dying man himself, who, during a passing interval of consciousness, directs that his coffin should be brought down and cleaned out, his glassy eye recovering a passing brightness as he congratulates himself on his wise forethought.

Death is indeed approaching with rapid strides. Only two spoonfuls of the medicine prescribed has the patient swallowed. "Take it away," he says, when he realizes his situation—"take it away, and keep it carefully for the next person who falls ill. It is a pity to waste it on me, for I feel that my time has come, and nothing can do me any more good. Send for the preacher, that I may make my peace with God."

The last dispositions as to house and property have been made in the presence of the pastor or preacher. The house and yard are to belong to the youngest son, as is the general custom among the Saxons. The elder son and the daughter are to be otherwise provided for. The small back room belongs to the widow, as jointure for the rest of her life; likewise a certain proportion of grain and fruit is assured to her. The exact spot of the grave is indicated, and two ducats are to be given to the Herr Vater if he will undertake to preach a handsome funeral oration.

When it becomes evident that the last death-struggle is approaching, the matress is withdrawn from under the dying man, for, as every one knows, he will expire more gently if lying on straw.

Scarcely has the breath left his body than all the last clothes he has worn are taken off and given to a gipsy. The corpse is washed and shaved and dressed in bridal attire—the self-same clothes which forty years previously he had donned on his wedding morning, and which ever since have been lying carefully folded by, and strewed with sprigs of lavender, in the large *Truhe* (bunker), waiting for the day when their turn must come round again.

A snowy sheet spread over a layer of

wood-shavings is the resting-place of the body when it is laid in the coffin; for the head, a little pillow stuffed with dried flowers and aromatic herbs, which in most houses are kept ready prepared for this contingency.

An hour before the funeral, the bell begins to toll the *Seelenpuls* (soul's pulse), as it is called; but the sexton is careful to pause in the ringing when the clock is about to strike, for "if the hour should strike into the bell," another death will be the consequence.

Standing before the open grave, the mourners give vent to their grief, which, even when true and heartfelt, is often expressed with such quaint realism as to provoke a smile.

"My dearest husband," wails the disconsolate widow, "why hast thou gone away? I had need of thee to look after the farm, and there was plenty room for thee at our fireside. My God, is it right of thee thus to take my support away? On whom shall I now lean?"

The children near the dead mother. "Mother, mother, who will care for us now? Shall we live within strange doors?"

A mother bewailing her only son. "O God, thou hast had no pity. Even the emperor did not take my son to be a soldier. Thou art less merciful than the emperor!"

Another mother weeping over her two dead children, exclaims, "What a misfortune is mine, O God! If I had lost two young foals, at least their hides would have been left to me."

And the children standing by the open grave of their father, cry out, "Oh father, we shall never forget thee! Take our thanks for all the benefits received during thy lifetime, as well as for the earthly goods thou hast left behind."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE STRANGE STORY OF MARGARET BEAUCHAMP.

BY GEORGE FLEMING.

PART II.

I ONLY saw Miss Beauchamp once in all the week which followed my confession. Little Mabel had been threatened with a return of the fever, and, day or night, her sister never left her side. Stanleigh himself saw her but for a few minutes at a time. Morning and evening she would come for a quarter of an hour or so and take a turn with him in the garden.

Once, as I was waiting in the darkened hall to hear news of my little playfellow, I saw Margaret pass. She was coming down the broad stair with her hand on the banister, dressed in black, with the heavy hair pushed carelessly away from her forehead; on her face was an expression of tragic, speechless endurance, such as I shall never forget. Years afterwards, on the walls of the Salon, I saw a picture by a great French painter, a picture of Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold, and it wore the face of Margaret Beauchamp as she passed me that day. She passed so near to me that the folds of her dress swept against my foot; but she did not notice my presence, and I crept away as if by merely looking at her I had done her a wrong.

On the Sunday afternoon, all the bells ringing for afternoon service, Forbes came in and handed me a note. It was the only time she ever wrote to me. Just a few words to say that Mabel was better, much better, and longing to see me. Would I come? And she signed herself, "Your friend, Margaret Beauchamp."

I threw the book I was trying to read down upon the table, and sprang to my feet.

"You are going, then?" Forbes said; and before I could answer he added, "The child is better now; entirely out of danger. But they have had a bad time of it all the week."

At the prospect of seeing her once more I felt my heart beat and expand with a sympathy which was ready to include all the universe. "I have been so very sorry for you too, old chap," I said.

Forbes gave a queer little laugh. "I am of Aristotle's opinion," he said dryly. "A white thing that lasts a long while is no whiter than what lasts but a day. The chief wisdom of man consists in appreciating to the full the quality of whiteness while it lasts. Yes — while it does last!"

He was standing in the middle of the room with his hat on his head, and he continued to watch me with the same provoking, patronizing smile. "Go, dear boy! You must not keep little Mabel waiting."

At another time I might have felt inclined to resent such a tone; but then I was simply too happy to care. It was a cloudless afternoon. I made my way as best I might along the Parade, through the devious files of church-goers. There was an air of peace, a sort of Sunday calm and well-being upon all the placid faces. I passed whole family groups, the children in their finery walking soberly in front;

and, as I reached the Beauchamps, Billy, with Tottie at his heels, came bounding out to meet me. The very footman who opened the door had a smile and a word of subdued rejoicing.

I ran lightly up the stairs. Mabel had been moved into another room that day, and I found her lying, muffled up in shawls, on a sofa drawn close to the bow-window. Her small face looked smaller, whiter, more determined than ever; but she greeted me with her sister's own smile.

"Now we can be happy—just we three," she said, in a weak little thread of a voice.

She made me sit down beside her and give her my hand to hold. "Sister Margaret will sit on the other side and take my other hand in hers, because we are all friends; we are three friends, are we not, Margaret?"

"Yes, darling. But you remember what you promised."

"Oh! I am not to excite myself, I know. I am to eat whatever is given me, and not to excite myself. Oh, I have so much experience with doctors, you see," she explained with perfect gravity.

At a sign from Miss Beauchamp I took up a book of fairy tales which was lying open upon the table, and began reading one of them aloud. After a very little time the child dropped asleep. I looked across at Margaret. Her eyes were fixed upon the open window and the flat shining plain of sea. I could study her face unobserved. In that short week it seemed as if half the youth had gone out of it.

Presently she turned her head a little and her sad eyes met mine. "If you had not come to-day," she said in a very low voice, "if Mabel had not sent for you, I should have sent for you to-morrow. I have been trying—to do without help—but —"

A dark crimson spot burned and flickered out upon her pale cheek. She bit her under-lip hard, and then threw back her head again with something of the old defiant grace. "Mr. Balfour, I want you to answer me seriously, please. Do I impress you as a person who is likely to become insane; the victim of an—an hallucination?"

"Good heavens, Miss Beauchamp —"

"Hush! Oh, please hush! Whatever I say you are not to awaken Mabel. If you want to help me at all you must promise to be very quiet and listen. And first you must answer my question. You are going to be a doctor: in such a matter as

this you ought to understand. Am I, Mr. Balfour?"—she kept her great desperate eyes riveted upon my face—"am I, to the best of your knowledge and belief, the kind of person who is likely to suffer from—from—what shall I say?—from visions called up by a diseased, an over-excited imagination?"

"Miss Beauchamp, I am more ignorant than you think. But to the best of my knowledge and belief you are the very last person in the world who would be subject to such—to such phantasmagoria. You have not the temperament for it; you have an unusually clear mind; you are in perfect health. I beg of you, I entreat you, not to distress yourself with such an absurd—forgive me!—with such a cruelly absurd impossibility."

"Then you would accept any statement I made—anything, you understand, however improbable—as the reliable evidence of a sane person?"

"Anything. Upon my honor!"

"Ah!" She let her head fall against the back of her tall chair with a slow gesture of utter discouragement. There was silence between us for a full minute, only broken by the soft breathing of the sleeping child. Some footsteps passed close under the window, and I heard voices, a girl's light laugh; then Margaret spoke.

"Do you remember," she said, "that Stanleigh came to see us the first evening that we spent here? I see that you do. But perhaps you have forgotten that it was a particularly bright, clear night. After he had gone—and we sat a long time in the garden—I went directly to my room. I was not very tired. I felt almost too happy to go to sleep, yet I did. I fell asleep directly. Some time in the night—I cannot tell you what time it was, but the moon was shining full into my room—I woke suddenly, with the feeling that there was something, *something*, near me. I am not nervous, naturally, Mr. Balfour. I sat up and looked all about the room. The window was wide open, and where the moonlight fell clear upon the white wall, I saw, I felt, the passing of a shadow; yet not a shadow—something more elusive, transparent, indefinite—like the ring about one's breath on a piece of looking-glass. It was not enough even to startle me. I think I was only curious. I looked, and while I was looking, I seemed to feel—there, on my wrist—the faintest possible pressure of something light and cool. I was not frightened—I tell you I was not frightened—only curious. In the morning I had forgotten the whole thing,

like a dream. In any case I should not have thought of speaking of it before the children. But three days after the same thing happened again, only it was all more vivid, more coherent, the shadow and the touch on my arm. I got up that time, and meant to ring my bell and waken Parker. I could not do it, Mr. Balfour, I could not. When I was a child my uncle took me once to see the working of a galvanic battery. They made me put my hands upon some knobs and I could not take them away. Something outside of me, something which made me sleepy, held them fast. Well, this was the same thing over again. I had no power to move, no will. I threw myself down on my bed again, and when I woke it was bright morning, and Mabel was knocking at the door. Since then —"

For the first time since she began speaking she lifted her great tragic eyes to mine. She leaned forward in the dusk and laid her little hot hand upon my wrist tremulously: "It comes," she said; "last night — it was here!"

The comprehension of what she had borne, of what in all these days and nights of silence she had suffered, pierced me to the heart with a sickening stab of pain.

"But why," I said, "why have you not asked any one before to help you?"

"I cannot tell Stanleigh!"

I felt the shudder that ran through her from head to foot.

"But, Miss Beauchamp —"

"I cannot! Don't ask me why. I cannot! I cannot!" she repeated in the same wild, hushed whisper. And then, after a long pause, "Oh, do not blame me! I have tried, and it — it comes between us. It will not let me. All about me I feel danger; danger to us both, to him and to me. I feel it! Oh, I have borne it as long as I could, and to-day I could not! It — it is getting so much plainer, Mr. Balfour; so much less like a shadow, that it frightens me. Ah, it frightens me!" she said, with a little piteous catch in her voice.

"Good God!"

We sat for a minute or two with clasped hands like two frightened children; through the silence little Mabel's breath went and came in the divine security of sleep.

Then she said, "I have your promise that you will not tell Stanleigh?"

"Ah!" I cried, "you must give me time! I must think. I must help you. There are a thousand ways to rid you of

this horror; only give me time to think! Above all, we need proof."

At that moment the lamp-lighter, whistling as he tramped his round, halted under the window and touched the street-lamp to flame. The light streamed in full on the gay embroidered coverlet and the little motionless figure.

"Mr. Balfour," Margaret said in a strange voice, "I cannot move my other hand without awakening Mabel. Will you unclasp that bracelet for me and — and look —"

I did as she bade me, and I saw — ah! merciful Heaven, it was no illusion. *I saw it*, on either side of her wrist, under the gold, three dull red stains, the clutch of some unspeakable thing upon her shrinking flesh!

She leaned nearer; she whispered; I could hardly hear what she was saying, —

"And last night, Mr. Balfour, and once before — ah, I know now that it can see. *It has begun to look at me.*"

The morning found me still under the same confusing impression of horror and bewilderment; yet, so far as Margaret's action was concerned, I believed myself to have hit upon the only satisfactory expedient for deliverance. As soon as I thought there was a chance of finding any one up, I started on my way to the Beauchamps.

It was a radiant morning: cool, transparent sky arching illimitably over the blue sea-plain. At the horizon a procession of white-sailed fishing-boats stood steadily away from shore; the chalky curve of cliff, sparkling in the early sunlight, seemed to repeat and heighten that joyous note of pure white. At that hour I was the solitary possessor of all the wide Parade. A few belated housemaids, intent on finishing their daily task of cleaning doorsteps, paused over their scrubbing to stare after me as I passed. A tidy, healthy-looking girl was just putting together her pails and brushes before the Beauchamps' hall door. She wished me a civil good-morning, addressing me by name; and then, as she opened the door for me, "There is no one down yet, sir, I think, but Miss Margaret. If you please, sir, I saw her in the young ladies' morning-room, sir, as I was coming down stairs." The judgment of the servants' hall was eloquent in the very way in which she lifted aside her pail for me to pass.

I found Margaret waiting for me beside the open window. There was a new color on her cheek, a new light of hope and expectation in her eye.

"Ah!" she cried, turning swiftly about,

and holding out both her hands, "you bring me help! I know—I feel it, I see it in your face! You bring me courage!"

"I have brought you the answer," I said; standing there before her, her new loveliness made a sort of desperate coward of me. I dared not hesitate; I could not stop to discriminate phrases; I threw my conclusions, as it were, pell-mell at her feet.

"Miss Beauchamp," I said, "there is only one course for you to take, and you must—I entreat you to adopt it immediately. You have done me the honor to consult me; well, this is my answer,—you must leave this house. You must leave all this accursed horror behind you. I won't reason with you as to what it is—I won't say it is your fancy. It doesn't matter; only leave it. Tell Stanleigh to take you away. Marry him at once. Let him take you away from us all—and take care of you——" the words choked me, and I repeated them with a sort of bitter satisfaction in my own pain. "Let Stanleigh marry you, and take you away from us," I said.

A deeper, lovelier rose flushed in her face, as she said unsteadily, "It is impossible. I cannot—I dare not tell him."

"But what—what are you afraid of then?" I urged.

"Ah!——" She drew in her breath with a sort of long, shuddering sigh. She sat down beside the table and put her two elbows upon it, and hid her face in her hands. "It is coming between us. It has come! And yet I cannot tell him; I cannot, I cannot!"

I looked at her bowed figure with a sudden flash of inspiration. "Heaven help us!" I cried, "you are afraid not for yourself but for him!"

Billy had come clattering down the stairs and out into the garden while we stood there talking. Now I heard him scrambling up beneath the window. A little brown head slowly appeared above the window-ledge; his round bright eyes went swiftly wandering about the room. "I heard voices. Halloa, Margaret, is that you? I thought it was the servants, and I should catch old Parker up to some of her tricks. I say, Balfour, you *are* an early customer, and no mistake!"

"I moved and stood in front of his sister. "My dear boy, it is high time some one set you a good example."

"Oh, I dare say! And I suppose you picked up your taste for early rising at school. But I say, Madge, I can't hold on here much longer. Just catch hold of

Tottie, will you? The little beggar will run after me over the wet grass, and aunt will be in such a wax if he wets his precious feeties."

He dropped the dog into the room very gently and cleverly with one hand, and disappeared once more into the garden.

"Poor Tottie!" Margaret said mechanically, and stooped to smooth the little creature's ruffled curls. But as she put her hand near him, the little brute drew himself up, stiffened all over, and began to tremble violently; then slowly, step by step, he dragged himself backward out of her reach, until he disappeared, whimpering, beneath the cover of the sofa. "You see," said Margaret, very bitterly.

She got up from her chair, walked over to the window, and then, coming back to her place by the table, she suddenly put both hands before her face and burst into a passionate fit of tears.

I waited until she had wept herself into comparative quiet. I could see the convulsive movement of her shoulders under the delicate summer gown that she wore, and each stifled sob seemed to burst and tear at my own breast. When she was quieter, "Dear Margaret," I said, "be brave! You have been so good, so noble, so patient; only be brave a little longer. Don't break down now. I will say nothing to Stanleigh, I promise you. When he comes, tell him everything or nothing, as you like. Only make him take you away from here at once. There is no reason—there need be no delay about your marriage."

I went a step nearer and laid my hand on the table beside hers.

"You are so generous," I said, "I think if you reflect a little you will understand what your snffering costs me. I would not speak of myself if I knew better how to persuade you. But, if not for your own sake, yet I think you will put an end to this to—to spare your friend."

"Ah, my friend!" she echoed through her sobbing. For an instant she laid her hand, her poor little disfigured hand, upon mine. More than thirty years have passed since that morning, and nothing has effaced in me the memory of her touch, the ring of her voice as she spoke.

I left her as all the house was beginning to awaken. I would not go back to our lodgings. I had no shadow of reason to avoid Forbes, and yet the very idea of meeting him filled me with a sort of curious repugnance. I breakfasted somewhere in the town; and then wandered about aimlessly, making a point of speak-

ing to as many people as I could. About three o'clock, I found myself sitting on the shady side of the pier, the centre of a group of idle, good-for-nothing sailors and longshore men. Mere reprobates, lazy hangers-on to life's fringe as they were, I was yet thankful to them for giving me a firmer sense of reality; their coarse appreciation of the chance pleasures of existence made the world seem more possible. My nerves ached with the pressure; I sickened for the familiarities and securities of every day.

As we lounged in the shadow of the great pile of stone, they filled their afternoon pipes more leisurely with tobacco of my providing, and one after another each hoary mariner uplifted his voice in tales of dubious worth. It was in the very midst of one of these fallacious histories that I sprang abruptly to my feet.

"Oh, yes, they will go away together and that will be the end of it!" I cried out, in very mockery of my thoughts.

I left my late companions speechless with mingled wrath and confusion of spirit, and, like an arrow shot from the bow, I sped away to the Beauchamps' house upon the cliff. During the last three weeks we had been accustomed to go in and out there at our will; but with my hand on the bell, I remembered the termination of my morning visit. Instead of ringing, I turned aside and forced my way through the overgrown laurels.

At the farther end of the garden, I stumbled upon a clear spot of turf and threw myself down upon it to wait—I did not myself know for what—unhinged, wearied beyond expression. I had not sat ten minutes in that cool green shade before I fell asleep.

I was wakened by the sound of voices close beside me. For a moment they mingled vaguely, uneasily with my dream; then it was my own name caught my ear. "Jealous? and of Will Balfour?" I heard Forbes's voice repeating. Then I heard him give a little laugh. "Pardon me, Margaret, if I remind you that such a suggestion could only wrong yourself—or me!"

"Ah, Stanleigh! You are cruel!" she answered quickly. Her voice had a tremble in it like the quivering of a wounded creature.

They had halted not ten paces from me; where the broad, gravelled walk ended beside an old pear-tree, the oldest in the garden, propped up by iron supports, and girded about its trunk with a circular wooden bench. I had not had the wit to

move away at the first, and while I hesitated Margaret spoke again; she made my showing myself an impossibility.

"Stanleigh, it is not a question of any one but you and me." She turned and clung to him suddenly. "Oh, it is cruel to force me to repeat it! Yet you love me—forget that I am speaking. It is not I who ask; it is your own love that expects it." She bowed her head until it rested against his arm, on her clasped hands. "Stanleigh, I want you to marry me; to marry me and take me away from here," she said.

There followed a full minute of complete silence. Twice I saw Forbes lift his head as if about to speak, but no sound came. Then her hands dropped to her side; she shrank away from him slowly, with averted face. "Ah," she cried, "and you have forgotten—already!" It was the summing up of all unspoken and unspeakable reproach.

"You excite yourself," said Forbes; "and I can assure you that I have forgotten nothing—nothing!"

He took her by the hand and made her seat herself beside him on the moss-grown bench. "You do me the honor of suggesting that we should no longer delay our marriage. I can only remind you of your own former determination to await the very last day of the period set by Sir John. You give me no new reason. It seems to me it is not I who—forget."

"And if I answer you, Stanleigh, that I have reasons, sufficient reasons, which I cannot—which I may never tell you—if I answer you that, what then? But oh, my own," she said, "my own—that you should ask me to give reasons for our love!"

Stanleigh's eye shifted uneasily. "It is you who are cruel now, Margaret. But those reasons; I am not a child!"

"It has come between us at last. At last! You do not love me, Stanleigh."

His face darkened. He looked weary, harassed. His lips set close; with that expression he looked dangerous.

"I have told you, Margaret, that I am not a child. Am I then so unreasonable?" he asked bitterly. "After all I ask only for a divided trust. For no doubt you have taken Mr. Balfour into your confidence."

"Yes."

Her voice was toneless as if she hardly heard herself speak. She gave a long, hopeless sort of sigh; and then with a sudden, swift movement she slipped to the ground, kneeling on the weedy turf,

her arms about his neck, her head resting on his breast.

"I ask you to marry me, love, and yet what security have I? If you will not love me, you will not trust me now — what security is there for all the years to be? Yet I will tell you all you ask of me. If there is only one will between us, let it be yours. Have your own way; be master, Stanleigh." She pressed her cheek closer against him with a gesture of infinite appeal. "Do you remember that day we rode through Dimmock Wood together?" her sad voice grew suddenly fluent, resonant with the music of a great love. "I think that you would have died for me — for the touch of my hand, that day — if I had asked you, Stanleigh. And now — ah, don't move," she said, "don't take your arm away. I will tell you all, Stanleigh, and then — happen what will! if only it is not to you!"

I could bear no more. Whether they were aware of my presence or not, seemed now the smallest matter. I plunged straight through the crowding laurels. In five minutes I had gained the gate; I had left that pleading, maddening voice behind me; I had reached the friendly commonplace of the street.

Between ten and eleven that same night Forbes walked into my room. He had been dining at the Beauchamps, but to my surprise I saw that he had changed his evening dress and wore a rough morning-coat. I got up as he came in, and we stood looking at one another across the table.

"My dear Balfour," he began, "I have a request to make and an apology to offer you. Let us begin with the more important first. I have been grossly unjust both to you and to Margaret; I mention her name because I am aware that you know of it already. And I ask your pardon."

"I fell in love with her," I answered calmly, "when I saw her step out of the railway carriage at the station. She holds me, you know, about one degree less important than Billy. I don't see why you should not be told of it, or why you should not have seen it long ago for yourself. It was plain enough."

"Ay, plain enough!" he echoed with a laugh.

He tapped with his finger-tips absently for a minute upon the gaudy table-cover, the burning candles lighting up his face. "By Jove!" he cried, "I believed myself to be a fine fellow, but you have shamed me." He stretched out his hand with the gesture of a prince. "Think of me what

you like. Yet I thank you for the lesson; for the sake of old friendship, I thank you."

"I was there," I retorted, "this afternoon, under that tree. How can I touch your hand?"

His forehead flushed all over, but he controlled himself with an effort. "As you please. Yet I spoke in the name of an old kindness." He thrust his hands into the pockets of his shooting-coat. "You have half sickened me of speaking. I came in here prepared to offer you what reparation lies in my power. She has told me everything, and to-night I intend to sit up and watch in their garden. She has been made, I am convinced, the victim of some infernal trick. The night is warm and still; I came here to ask you to watch with me."

There was only one answer possible. I looked for my hat on the chair where I had tossed it. "I am ready whenever you care to lead the way."

"You had better take a plaid with you, or a top-coat. It will be chill enough before daybreak," Forbes added dryly.

All the familiar way up the hill we paced in silence side by side, and my heart smote me for the rejected proffer of his hand. The light, white mist which enveloped us the instant we stepped into the cool outer air, the great silence of the night, the low wash and murmur of the sea, brought each its measure of sanity and healing indifference. I glanced twice or thrice inquiringly at my companion, but some devil of pride held us both silent.

As we turned into the Beauchamps' garden by the little side gate, some clock in the house struck the half-hour after eleven. It was, as Forbes said, a very warm, still night; but the fine weather of the last three weeks seemed on the point of breaking. The air was full of an impalpable haze, which, as the red and laggard moon rose higher, filled all the spaces between the trees with a sort of luminous whiteness. You could see plainly, and you could not. At twenty paces distance the laurel-bushes loomed like trees. There were no lights burning on that side of the big, silent house, which looked at once so strange and so familiar. In the garden, too, all was still; the thread of water trickled steadily into its basin; now and then a bird whistled, or something rustled lightly in the dark, motionless trees — that was all.

For a long time Forbes continued his monotonous pacing up and down like a

sentinel; the wet gravel sparkled in the moonlight, and at regular intervals his shadow moved across it, and his deliberate footstep crushed the loose stones. As he was taking perhaps his fiftieth turn, I got up from my seat by the old sun-dial and joined him.

"Won't you sit down for a bit? I can take your place."

"I am not tired," he said briefly.

"Look here, Forbes."

"Well?"

"Oh, you may be as confoundedly superior as you please, but—there are some things I could find it in my heart to say I shall never forgive you, and yet—confound it all! There—I wish you would shake hands."

He laughed; but I went back to my seat a little comforted. Presently he came and sat down beside me at the opposite end of the bench. He leaned his back against a tree, and I could see his upturned profile dark against the sky. We were neither of us inclined to speak. For my part, I tried with all my might to banish the very thought of Margaret. Her face kept rising up before me—her face as I had last seen it. If I shut my eyes and listened to the fountain it was worse; I saw her then as when we rode the downs together—a mocking vision, smiling, rose-flushed.

All this time Forbes never said a word. The night grew full of faint, uncertain sounds; rustlings in the grass—an unripe apple dropping in the orchard with the echo of a step. In the house, a clock kept striking the quarters and the half-hours. As the moon set, the light changed without seeming to diminish. About half past two we heard a cock crow from the other side of the wall; then after a very long interval, another answered; then half a dozen. From this shut-in garden we could see the zenith of the arching sky grow bluer, colder; the stars were extinguished one by one while the eye was yet fixed upon them. A sudden wind stirred in the tree-tops; the garden scents were overcome by a thrill of salt air from the sea.

"It is dawn," said Forbes, rising and stretching out his cramped arms.

As at a given signal, the birds began twittering and piping from every crotch and angle of the branches. The roses, which all night long had looked like dark round spots sprinkling the bushes, now began royally to reassert their presence, showing scarlet and white and dusky red.

"So that is over, and nothing gained,"

he said half regretfully. He went up to the dripping fountain and dipped his hands into its mossy basin, and dashed the ice-cold water over his face and hair.

"Ah!—look!" I cried out.

The shutters of Margaret's window were pushed gently open, slowly, as if yielding to the pressure of a deliberate hand.

"She has not slept either, poor child!" Forbes murmured with a sudden flash of tenderness.

He stepped out into the middle of the cleared space before the dial. "Four o'clock of a July morning, and all's well!" he called out in a long, musical note.

I half hoped that she would show herself; but there was no answer. The sun climbing well up in the clear, empty sky shone full at last above the matted tree-tops, flooding all the fresh quiet of the garden, the blank, silent house. That silence began to trouble me.

"Do call out again. Say something to show her we are here," I said to Forbes.

He looked at me with an odd expression and answered nothing. After a moment he stooped and broke off a handful of dewy roses. "It will serve for a fair good morrow, a troubadour's greeting to the lady of his dreams," he said with a sort of mocking tenderness, and tossed the bunch of flowers through Margaret's open window. He stood with upturned face looking after them; the fatigues of a watchful night had left not a trace on his superb physique; he was fresh and vigorous as the morning.

We saw the roses fall fairly into the room. There was no answer. Again we stood facing one another, silent.

The clock in the house struck sharply on the half-hour. "She said that she, too, would be waking," he muttered, half to himself. He turned once more and looked at the house, scanning the blank line of windows. "Come on!" he said impatiently. We made the circuit of the place half running, and then a very obvious difficulty brought us up standing; the doors were all locked.

"Shall I ring?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes—no. The servants will be in bed. They won't hear you." We went back into the garden. Margaret's window was still flung wide open. The sunshine poured into the room. All at once I remembered Billy. "Hold on, Forbes. I think those lower windows can be made to open." I swung myself up on the ledge and all the panes rattled as I shook them. "Come on, now—just another push; so—gently now—together!" The slight

bolt gave way with a rattle of broken glass on the gravel.

"I hope we shan't frighten all the women into fits; it's a clear case of burglary with violence," Forbes said under his breath, swinging himself down into the room. But neither of us felt the least inclined to smile. We stepped cautiously up the broad carpeted stair; the house was marvellously still, and the air felt dead and close after the garden. Forbes led the way to a door on the second landing, where he paused and knocked gently. "Parker! wake up, Parker!"

At the third or fourth summons a sleepy voice called out: "Who is there? Go away. What's the matter?"

"It is I, Mr. Forbes; and Mr. Balfour is with me. Don't be frightened, but look sharp, there's a good woman, and open your door."

We waited for a minute or two. On the floor beneath us Tottie began shrilly barking. Then the key turned with a rattle in the lock, the door was set ajar, and Parker's face appeared in the opening—her sober face swollen, flushed, and unrecognizable with sleep.

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what is it? Oh, sir, don't say Miss Mabel is took worse!"

"Look here, Mrs. Parker, I want you to go to Miss Margaret's room and wake her. Wake her, do you hear? And then say it was I who sent you."

"Oh, gentlemen!" the woman said, drawing back, much affronted, "if it is all for a silly joke that you wakened me—and me making no doubt that at least it was illness in the house."

She would have shut the door in our faces, but Forbes caught her by the arm. "Do as I tell you. You don't know what you are talking about," he said imperatively. "Your dress! Oh, confound your dress! No, never mind, there's a good soul—you can settle your dress as you come back."

He half led, half dragged her to the top of the stairs. "There—go quick—oh, never mind arguing—go!"

We heard her unwilling footsteps shuffle down the stairs and along the hall. She paused before Margaret's door; we could hear her knocking; for a minute or two only Tottie's sharp, wiry yelp answered.

Then the woman gave a call of distress. Some panic had seized her; as we ran down the stairs we could hear her rattling at the lock.

"Oh, sir—oh, Mr. Balfour—if this is some trick! Oh, I should never believe

any one could treat me so! And she sleeps so light—Miss Margaret! it's me—Parker—oh, pray open the door, Miss Margaret!"

I had got my shoulder against the lock but Forbes pushed me aside roughly. "Stand back—all of you. It's *my* place," he said. His lips were as white as death, but his eyes blazed like the eyes of a madman. He braced himself against the angle of the wall; there was a splintering sound of wood, and the middle panel cracked across the bottom. He tore off one of the pieces, put in his hand and unlocked the door.

There, stretched out on a couch near the window, in the white gown I had seen her wearing, lay Margaret.

Forbes walked straight up to her. "Oh, God!" he cried out in a high, unnatural voice, "Oh, God—Balfour!"

When we found her she must have been dead for some hours. On either side of her throat were two dull red marks, like bruises, exactly like the marks on her wrist, as we ascertained when we compared them afterwards. There was no sign of any struggle about her, no violence. Her eyes were open; there was a half-smile on her lips; she lay high on the pillows, as if watching us. One hand rested on her breast, the other arm, with the bracelet still on her wrist, hung straight down by her side, and on the floor, within an inch of the dead fingers, lay Forbes's roses, as they fell.

I do not pretend to have given this story precisely in Sir William's own language; yet many of the remarks are textually his own. I particularly remember the words in which he described the dead girl to us.

When he had finished, there was a little silence; nobody ventured on a comment. At last the Boy moved his elbows off the table. "By Jove!" he said, sitting up, and drawing a deep breath.

"For a long while after that," Sir William added, "or it seemed a long while then, Forbes and I saw very little of each other. I travelled, and then took up my profession in good earnest. I thought I should never learn to endure further association with the man whom I could not but consider, to a certain extent, responsible for her death. For if she had obeyed her own strenuous instinct—if she had never told him; and yet, who knows? who can answer such a question? Slowly, slowly, I took hold again of life. For nature, gentlemen, is the great, insidious, indefatigable enemy of our griefs; suffer-

ing is sterile, and she will not let men suffer. She lures us back, reclaims us, forces us back, if need be; and the first time after any overwhelming wreck of passion that we are conscious of the grateful warmth of the sun, the falling rain, hunger, thirst, fatigue, life has already taken repossession. A man may struggle, gentlemen; nature can wait."

He pushed aside his empty glass and leaned back in the old leather chair.

"You must have heard of Stanleigh Forbes and his political successes. He wrote to me on the occasion of his marriage, and after that I saw him often. His wife is a distant connection of old Sir John's; the Beauchamp family interest has always been faithful to him. Next year I expect one of his sons to come to me. The lad has talent, and I offered to take him and teach him what I can; had things gone differently it might have been Margaret's boy."

From *The Leisure Hour*.

THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY:

INCIDENTS IN HIS LIFE AND LABORS.

PART II.

SPEECHES.

IT is as a speaker on religious and philanthropic platforms that Lord Shaftesbury will be best remembered by tens of thousands of persons in all parts of the country. His speeches were, as he says, "like the sands on the seashore, innumerable," and they were upon every conceivable subject. He was guided in their preparation by a few simple rules, to which he remained faithful to the end of his career. "He did not write his speeches, and never accustomed himself to trust to notes. He got together all his evidence and everything he wished to quote, and these he put into shape, but the connecting matter he never formally prepared. He thought the subject well over, made himself master of the facts, and trusted for the rest to the inspiration of the moment. In one or two instances when he had to speak in the House of Lords, where less than anywhere else he felt the requisite inspiration, he committed his speech to memory, nearly word for word, and then handed the MS., to which, however, he never referred, to the reporters for publication when he was specially anxious for an accurate report. It was a saying of his that, for an ordinary speech, it was not of great consequence

how it was commenced, but it was all-important how it ended, and he almost always, therefore, prepared his peroration, sometimes committing it to memory."

He was a very rapid speaker (he had the reputation of being the most rapid speaker in the House of Lords), and the reporters not unfrequently complained that they found some difficulty in following him.

Some of his most laborious speeches were on behalf of oppressed nationalities; and among those which cost him the greatest effort was one in 1844 on behalf of the ameers of Scinde—a long and forcible indictment against the Indian government, in the course of which he said, referring to the ameers, "You have torn them from their thrones, reduced them to the level of your meanest dependants, seized their dominions, incarcerated their persons, plundered their houses, and exposed them to various forms of privation and insult."

In 1863 the persecution of the Poles by Russia drew forth from Lord Shaftesbury some of the most impassioned speeches he ever uttered. In a speech at the Guildhall, which it "tore him to pieces to deliver," he threw his whole mind and soul and strength into his pleading, and excited the most intense enthusiasm. In the House of Lords, on the same subject, he shortly afterwards made a speech of nearly three hours' duration. Apart from the labor in the compilation of his facts and arguments, it was a subject which made a heavy demand upon his sympathies. There was a passion and a pathos in his utterance which was never wrung from him more forcibly than when pleading the cause of oppressed and persecuted peoples. Among his celebrated speeches, subsequent to those delivered on the factory question, was one on Indian irrigation and inland navigation, of which he says, "Perhaps few of my efforts have cost me so much trouble to select, cut down, and prepare and arrange extracts, statements, and facts."

Lord Shaftesbury was, from his youth upwards, in the habit of using very strong and forcible language. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "this habit carried him too far, and when this was the case no one regretted it more than himself. Sometimes (when cruelty, injustice, and oppression were his theme) he regretted that language was inadequate to convey the expression of his indignation and disgust; sometimes he used 'a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut;' and sometimes, in the heat and fervor of debate, or under the excitement of great popular applause, he

was led away, as every orator more or less is led, into expressions which, had there been time to consider the choice of words, he would have modified or left unsaid. . . . It was inevitable that occasionally he should be betrayed into the use of expressions stronger than the occasion justified. The only wonder is that these betrayals were not of far more frequent occurrence."

Lord Shaftesbury's letters, which form a very important feature of the work before us, are extremely interesting. The examples given in his correspondence with Mr. Haldane show his "versatility of style, his flashes of humor, his sympathies and antipathies, and his Christian philosophy."

Fine writing is the pest of all true theology; people will be brilliant, startling, original; and, in that spirit, they sacrifice everything to a "pregnant expression."

God will work out His own purpose according to His own wisdom. God will not prevent my being called a fool, but He will prevent my being one.

Retrospect must be fearful in every reflecting soul. All time past is filled with negligences, lost or spoiled opportunities, shortcomings, and abundant sins. Retrospects ought to bring nothing but confession and repentance; and then the prospect—the only thing to be cared for—will be peace and joy.

Education may be, instead of a great blessing, a great curse. We are training boys and girls too rapidly. We have a thousand candidates for one place. The 999 live, then, by their wits, and the wits are turned to fraud and sensationalism. This is not an argument against education, but a warning. "Make it healthy and safe."

Disraeli is a Hebrew, and that to my mind always imparts a certain sense of reverence. I can never forget that of this race our Blessed Lord came according to the flesh.

There are opinions expressed in these most interesting volumes which give scope to criticism, but there can be but one judgment as to the tenor and lofty spirit of the life portrayed.

LAST YEARS.

To many readers the record of Lord Shaftesbury's later years will perhaps have a greater charm than any other portion of the work. At the age of seventy he gave the following account of himself in his diary, a description which was applicable, in great measure, to the remaining years of his life.

"Dec. 22nd, 1871. — I am seventy years of age and six months. My eyesight is

very good, requiring glasses only for reading; I am somewhat deaf. I sleep well, walk easily, though not very far without fatigue. Am tolerably erect, and have very few grey hairs. Whatever mind I ever had, I think that I retain. Memory may be — I am not quite sure — a little weakened. Doubtless it is so in respect of getting things by heart. Am generally calm and collected, though oftentimes in high spirits, and oftentimes exceedingly low. Yet in neither extreme do I alter the opinions I have formed. I do not, of course, as I used to do, look forward constantly to some fresh thing to be achieved. I estimate obstacles more accurately, and confess the very short time at command. I have nevertheless projects, and it is pleasant to indulge them, though I may never be able to execute them. My feelings are as vivid and as keen as in my youth — on all subjects, I may say, except in cases of neglect or affront. Here, of course, I am not pleased; but I accept the matter, as the French say, a *fait accompli*, and there the question ends."

He was sensitive in the extreme all through life, and he was so on the question of old age. "The moment a man is said to be a fine man for his age," he wrote, "he is simply enjoying an euphonious term for a demi-twaddler. If he does anything well, people admire with a species of patronizing compassion; if he does it ill, they ascribe it to actual or approaching imbecility."

Nevertheless, it was his constant prayer that he might "die in harness," and his last years were full of unceasing activity. "Restless activity they call it," he said, "but why? Only because others are so *restful*."

"There is nothing more curious, in the whole of the diaries of Lord Shaftesbury," says his biographer, "than the record of his old age. He contemplates it in a hundred unexpected ways, and from very original standpoints; he speculates upon it, as if he were a disinterested person; he naïvely describes and discusses feelings and sensations common to old age, but as if he had not the least conception that they proceeded from that cause. Thus, in 1883, when visiting his friends at Castle Wemyss, where his health hitherto had always been benefited, he begins to think 'the air is relaxing. Soon get tired. I should like to try a very bracing climate.' It does not seem to occur to him that the difference in feeling is due to age."

To the very last he labored on, his faculties keenly alive, his heart tender as ever,

his sympathies just as fresh and his plans just as numerous as at any other period of his life.

The story of his last days, spent at Folkestone, whither he had gone for change of air and in the hope of recovering strength, is told by Mr. Hodder in the following words:—

"Free from distressing pain; with consciousness perfectly clear; surrounded by his sons and daughters, whom he loved with an untold and untellable love; undisturbed by any fear of death, unshaken in faith, and in full assurance of hope, he calmly waited the end.

"In a cheerful room on the ground-floor, looking out on a pleasant lawn, shaded with trees, and beyond it the great wide sea, the small bed he had brought with him was placed, and here his last days were spent. He could step from his room to the balcony and drink in the life-giving air which he so much enjoyed, and on bright days could look across the sea to the white cliffs of sunny France. Very solemn and very beautiful was the calm of the evening tide, and very sacred was that chamber, in which the prayer was constantly breathed, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'

"During the interval which elapsed, he used to ask his daughters and his valet—whichever happened to be present—to read to him portions of the Bible he named to them. Every morning he begged that the twenty-third Psalm—that short cry of hope, beginning 'The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want'—might be read to him.

"He was, to the last, very anxious that the letters which still came to him should be answered, and used to dictate to his daughter, Lady Templemore, the replies he wished to be sent.

"The very last matter of actual business which he attended to was the filling up of the living of Shaftesbury (of which he was patron), and much care and thought were bestowed by him on the appointment. . . .

"In the sacred chamber where he lay, fully conscious that the end was near, one of his sons, come from Switzerland, where he was tending a loved one in her sickness, to whom he had to return, knelt before him at his bidding, and received his parting blessing, as the old patriarch laid his hand upon his head, bade him good-bye, and breathed a prayer. There other of his sons and daughters saw, day by day, the beauty of holiness, the grandeur of the triumph of faith. There one

who came to bid him farewell, heard words like these: 'I am in the hands of God; the ever-blessed Jehovah; in his hands alone. Yes, in his keeping, with him alone.'

"Then came a day, the first day of October, when the sun was shining in meridian splendor, flooding his chamber with the light he loved so well. His faithful valet, Goldsmith, handed him something, which he received with the words, 'Thank you.' These were his last words. And then, a few minutes later, fully conscious to the last moment, he passed, without pain, or sigh, or struggle, into the ineffable light."

The epitaph of Lord Shaftesbury cannot be written in better or more appropriate words than those of Holy Scripture:—

"When the ear heard him it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him, because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind and feet was he to the lame. He was a father to the poor."

From Temple Bar.

A LOVER OF LEISURE.

In this pitilessly busy nineteenth century the very name of leisure has a soothing sound. Most people have a beautiful dream, a mirage of a state of perfect leisure. They may never realize it, or reach it themselves, save in the great world of books, where some of us spend the best part of our lives, and wherein it is the delight and solace of so many tired and sad people to wander, finding there all they had longed for, and more besides. "Wings have we," says Wordsworth,

and as far as we can go,

We may find pleasure

and he adds:—

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,

Are a substantial world, both pure and good:

Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Leisure has its especial literature; a very rich and charming one, to which belong Charles Lamb's "Essays," Cowper's

poems and letters, "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," Bacon's "Essays," John Evelyn's works, Izaak Walton's "Lives," "The Vicar of Wakefield," Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley," Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," and a thousand more books to be read reverently in the long winter evenings, before a fragrant wood fire, with drawn curtains, while the hungry wind is crying softly round the house; or on summer days, beneath the shadowy boughs of lime-trees, where bees are drowsy with honey.

There is something very pathetic in the story which tells us how Charles Lamb, in his dingy office, longed piteously to have a pension "on this side of absolute incapacity and infirmity," so that he might walk out in the "fine Izaak Walton mornings, careless as a beggar, and walking, walking, and dying walking;" but — "the hope is gone. I sit like Philomel all day (but not singing) with my breast against this thorn of a desk." And then one day, suddenly his wishes were granted, and "all being holidays, I feel as if I had none, as they do in heaven, where 'tis all red-letter days." "Would I could sell you some of my leisure!" he says to his friend. "Positively the best thing a man can have to do is nothing; and next to that perhaps good works." His words are so vivid that they bring before us, who are his literary lovers, the little spare figure clad in black, and the harsh features of the kindly face; the sweet, childlike nature and the quaint, delicate humor; all of which, indeed, we love none the less dearly for having met them only in the world of books and fancies. And as I write these words there rises before me the image of another lover of leisure, evoked by the beautiful old book "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*," that is lying open on my writing-table. And this copy of "*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*" in Hurstbourne library is in itself a thing to be handled with peculiar reverence and tenderness, for it belonged to Izaak Walton himself, the author of part, and the compiler of the other part of the book; and in it he has written his own name, and some notes, in his delicate, scholarly handwriting. There is a tiny smudge on the fly-leaf opposite his name; all these little details seem to make it more real, and to bring one closer to the dear old worthies who still live and speak and move in those pleasant pages.

Sir Henry Wotton was born in 1568, at Bocton Hall, in Kent. His father, Thomas Wotton, married first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Rudstone; by whom he had

three sons, Sir James, Sir Edward (Lord Wotton) and Sir John. Thomas Wotton was often begged by his friends to marry again, and, says his biographer, "he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons, namely, those that had children, that had lawsuits, that were of his kin;" and as might be expected after such a declaration, he married a lady (Mrs. Elinora Morton) who united these several disadvantages. She was the mother of Sir Henry. Henry was sent to Winchester, and thence to New College, Oxford, where, Izaak Walton tells us, "Albericus Gentilis, then provost of civil law at Oxford," was wont "to call him *Henrice mi ocelle*; which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the university."

He is described to us as being "of a choice shape," and "tall of stature," and as possessing "a most persuasive behavior." His picture as an old man shows us a sweet, studious face; a high forehead, and kindly, intelligent eyes, lit up by a grave smile.

Sir Henry spent the greater part of his early life on the Continent, partly by choice and partly by necessity. For soon after he had returned to England (after an absence for his own pleasure of nearly nine years) he was compelled to leave it again. He had been a friend and companion of Essex; and "therefore did he, so soon as the earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover," and thence across the Channel, where he lived, until "the sweet trouble of kingly government" fell upon James I. He was kindly received by the king, and after a time of loyal service to James, Charles I., and Elizabeth, queen of Bohemia, he was finally, to his great satisfaction, made provost of Eton.

Here Sir Henry lived a life of ideal leisure, reading and thinking, entertaining hospitably his friends and neighbors, and those Eton boys who seemed to him the most promising. "Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call 'his idle time, not idly spent.'" He had lived in stirring times, and had seen the wonderful growth of thought and the development of literature of his century, which was the century of Shakespeare and Bacon, Spenser and Raleigh. He had lived in foreign courts, and had wandered over Europe. He had watched the march of events, — "so nimble were the times;" he had seen the kings of the earth gather and go by together, and the

invincible Armada prove "but a morrice dance upon our waves." Now, in his old age, he was well content to retire into the cloistered quiet of the college which to him was "as a quiet harbor to a seafaring man after a tempestuous voyage."

To my mind his leisure was of all leisure the most perfect. Cowper's leisure was darkened and distraught by terrible doubts and fears; Charles Lamb's leisure was tainted by ennui, until he himself grew weary of the "land, in which it seemed always afternoon." Ducis, the French poet, who had "wedded the desert, as the doge of Venice wedded the Adriatic Sea," and had "cast his ring into the forests," was saddened by the remembrance of the wife and child he had lost in bygone years. But Sir Henry, until the last few months of his life, kept "the blessing of a cheerful heart."

When he had, as he tells us himself, "arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of oblivion," he went to revisit Winchester, where he had been at school as a little lad; and on his way home he said to his companion:—

How useful was that advice of a holy monk who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far experimentally true; that, at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sate when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed, when time (which I therefore thought slow-paced) had changed my youth into manhood; but age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes: for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

And again, a little later, Sir Henry's biographer repeats for us his words to his friend John Hales:—

I have in my passage to my grave met with most of those joys of which a discursive soul is capable: . . . Nevertheless in this Voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about

with human frailties, God Almighty hath by His grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience; . . . And, my dear Friend, I now see that I draw near my harbor of death; that harbor that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world.

There is an exquisite grace and sense of fitness in Sir Henry's similes, and a very tender touch of pathos in this description of his own life. Of his writings we have but little left. Izaak Walton tells us how, a little while before he died, Sir Henry, saddened and dispirited by illness, passed many hours alone in his study, and how he burnt many papers he had written in his youth. Who knows what records of sweet fancies, what noble thoughts and beautiful images he gave to the flames? "Always," wrote Sir Henry to a friend, "if we touch any tender matter, let us remember his motto—that wrote upon the mantel of his chimney where he was wont to keep a good fire, *Optimus Secretariorum*."

He had intended to write a life of Martin Luther, "but in the midst of this design," says Izaak Walton, "his late Majesty King Charles I., that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did by a persuasive loving violence" (to which may be added a promise of £500 a year) "force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the History of England." Of this history we have only a few pages. There are several poems of his extant; the well-known praises of the queen of Bohemia, his "queen of hearts" whom he served with such loving loyalty; the verses beginning "How happy is he born and taught," and a hymn which is less well-known, and from which I quote a few lines:—

O precious Ransome! which once paid,
That Consummatum Est was said:
And said by him who said no more,
But sealed it with his sacred Breath.
Thou then that hast dispung'd my Score,
And dying was the death of Death,
Be to me now, on thee I call,
My Life, my Strength, my Joy, my All.

His private letters are delightful; some addressed to Charles I. and to the queen of Bohemia, others to Izaak Walton, or to the "sweet and dear Jack Dinely," and a large number to Sir Edmund Bacon, who had married his niece Philippa Wotton. These letters are written in a pleasant, easy style, singularly free from artificial conceits, and full of graceful descriptions and epigrammatic sayings. The Count Palatine is "a gentleman of very sweet

hope," the lord treasurer Weston is "an enemy to frothy proceedings;" it "wrinkles" his face with care to tell Nicholas Pey that his arrears will cost him £500; he apologizes to Izaak Walton for the fact that "a most ingenious letter of yours hath lain so long by me (as it were in lavender) without an answer." He complains of some of his own faults, but "it is now too late to put me in a new Furnace." He never forgets to send a charming message to Lady Bacon, when he writes to her husband Sir Edmund: "I pray you, sir, let me in some corner of every Letter tell my sweet Niece that I love her extremely:" or he sends his "hot love to the best Niece of the World." I myself can almost find it in my heart (loving Sir Henry as I must do perforce) to be jealous of his nieces and great-nieces, to whom he is so charming an uncle. Here is a little family gossip, written by him to Sir Edmund:—

I received the Communion in St. Bartholomews on Sunday last (being Easter-Day) in the same pew with Hester and her Mother; your Hester either becomes a little tincture of the Green Sickness well, or that becomes her well: well she looks I am sure, and in my fancy draws towards the countenance of her sister Stanhop more and more, but stealingly. My Niece Margaret is come home from her Artisan in Southwark with some pretty amendment. The manner of his cure in these imperfections is somewhat strange; he useth no bindings, but oyls and strokings; of which I take him to be (in all my reading) both the Instrument, and the Author. My Niece Ann will prove one of the handsomest Creatures of the World; being much grown, and having rectified a little squinting or oblique look which she had in one of her eyes, so far the remainder will prove a Beauty.

These young ladies were the daughters of Thomas, second Baron Wotton, and his wife Mary Throckmorton, and they were consequently Sir Henry's grandnieces. Hester appears later to have caused Sir Henry some anxiety, for he writes to Jack Dinely: "My Niece Hester is absolutely reclaimed from those foolish impressions which she had taken, God's name be ever blessed for it; and it is none of the least ends of my going to rivet that business." What "that business" was, I have not been able to discover. Hester became the third wife of Baptist, Lord Campden, the Royalist, who suffered many things in the king's cause. He raised a company of horse and foot for the king's army, and

burnt his beautiful house to the ground in order to prevent the Roundheads from establishing a garrison there. He was subsequently obliged to pay £9,000 composition for his estates to the Parliamentary sequestrators, besides an annuity of £150.

Margaret married Sir John Tufton; and Ann married Sir Edward Hales, of Tunstall, Kent.

In another letter Sir Henry gives an account of a certain duel, which is too characteristic of the times to be omitted.

Upon Munday was seven-night fell out another quarrel nobly carried . . . between my Lord Fielding and Mr. Goring Son and Heir to the Lord of that name. They had been the night before at Supper, I know not where, together; where Mr. Goring spake something in diminution of my Lord Weston, which my Lord Fielding told him it could not become him to suffer. . . . There upon these hot heats appoint a meeting next day morning, themselves alone, each upon his Horse. They pass by Hide Park, as a place where they might be parted too soon, and turn into a lane by Knightsbridge; where having tied up their Horses at a Hedge or Gate, they got over into a Close; there stripped unto their shirts, with single Rapiers, they fell into an eager duel, till they were severed by the Host and his servants of the Prince of Orange, who by meer chance had taken some notice of them. In this noble encounter, wherein blood was spent, though (by God's Providence) not much on either side, there passed between them a very memorable interchange of a piece of courtesie, if that word may have room in this place: says my Lord F, Mr. Goring, If you leave me here, let me advise you not to go back by Piccadillia Hall, lest if mischance befall me and be suddenly noised (as it falleth out on these occasions now between us) you might receive some harm by some of my friends that lodge thereabouts.

My Lord (replies Goring) I have no way but one to answer this courtesie: I have here by chance in my Pocket a Warrant to pass the Ports out of England, without a Name (gotten I suppose upon some other occasion before). If you leave me here, take it for your use and put in your own Name. This is a passage much commended between them, as proceeding both from sweetness and stoutness of spirit, which are very compatible.

This letter is dated from St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 18th April, 1633, and is addressed to Sir Edmund Bacon.

Sir Henry Wotton died at Eton in December, 1639, aged seventy-one. He was buried by his desire in the college chapel, with his well-known Latin saying, carved on a plain stone, above him.

From The Contemporary Review.
AN OLD COUPLE.

"Un paradis perdu est toujours, quand on veut, un paradis reconquis." — RENAN.

"Se nuova legge non ti togli
Memoria." — *Purg.* 11.

THEY lived in a simple cottage, very much like ordinary folk. Their children had left them — married, and settled at a distance, as children will; so, once more, they were all in all to each other. They had obtained permission to return to the garden in which they had spent their happy and innocent days. They found the gate swinging on its hinges, and the fiery cherub was not there. It consoled them to return to the old spot, though their conditions were so changed. The air around the rose-bushes was as sweet as ever, and they soon grew accustomed to the prickles.

During their exile they had become acquainted with those arts that provide men with shelter against the heat and cold. Accordingly, Adam built a small hut of stones, and Eve plaited wool and fibres into coverings for herself and her husband. As the ages went on, and the population of the world increased, they no longer lived in solitude. The fact that the spring came full three weeks earlier to the valley where they had built their cottage than to any even of the more sheltered nooks among the hills, led men who were beginning to look on the earth with practical business eyes to settle near them. The old gate, swinging on its hinges, presented no obstacle to the enterprising young colonist, and the inhabitants of the moss-grown tenement smiled, and held sacred the secret that the new comers had intruded on the precincts of Paradise. From the settlers they learnt many facts concerning the advance of the world, the arts of navigation, commerce, government, and war. But they remained a recluse old couple. It was only very rarely that a neighbor looked in, and chatted with them, as one does chat with the aged, of those matters that will interest and delight them. Women pitied Eve, believing that she was childless, and noticed with compassion her maternal manner to their little ones. To lovers she was somewhat austere; it was impossible to her to imagine courtship otherwhere than in the bowers of Paradise. She listened attentively when any spake to her of death; without violence or bloodshed she thought it must be tranquil as the deep sleep from which she woke when life was given to her. Tidings of war greatly

affected her, but beyond all other things she was distressed at the sight of children quarrelling. She would part the little disputants, and taking them on her knee, would tell them a story of two brothers who quarrelled till one of them grew so angry he slew the other in a field, and then went away from his parents very sorry, and could not come to live with them again for shame. But she did not speak, even to the little children, of God. Now and then she dropped a quiet tear on them, and their mothers would draw them away, saying they were sure now she must once have held in her arms a baby of her own.

In appearance Eve was exceedingly gracious and beautiful, full of reticence and dignity; people always spoke of her as a lady, and whispered to one another that she had come of good stock. To her husband she was full of a wistful courtesy; it seemed as if he had made some sacrifice in marrying her, and her devotion was mingled with gratitude. In Adam there was less that was peculiar than in his wife. He would stand often on his threshold in the evening and look out. He had forgotten that centuries had passed by, and was still yearning for the return of his firstborn — the wanderer. It was Eve who in the spring-tide turned to the meadow where the lambs were playing, and she always went alone. When she came back she would put her arms round her husband's neck and kiss him. He did not understand that she was come from a grave; but he was grateful for the kiss, and drew her away to look at the young sprouting blades of corn. He had become a husbandman, and was skilled in the tilling of the ground. Eve never looked happier than when he came home hot and hungry from working in the fields. She loved to set his meal, lay her head on his knee, and listen to his talk of the wonderful new ways of raising crops and planting vineyards. He was busy and contented, and there was no regret in his face. But their conversation did not always turn on commonplace matters. On winter evenings they often discussed ancient history, and showed a familiar acquaintance with the stories we now read in the early chapters of Genesis. Sometimes they would quarrel and grow sullen, or violently disagree. Then Adam's voice would be heard in reproach, or Eve's in contention, and Adam would walk out and lean against the old swing-gate that seemed to be the natural boundary of his little domain. When Eve saw him leaning

against the gate, and apparently forgetful of her, she would steal up to him softly, and they would walk home together, a new light in their eyes. All age had passed from their faces, and there was majesty in their least caressing touch, for they had no suspicion of intruders, and thought only of each other. After these hours of reconciliation, they would speak of quite another time in their lives, when evidently there had been deep accord between them; then, and then only, was Eve heard to laugh,—a silvery, ringing laugh, full of unimaginable mirth, and Adam, drunk with the witchery, would grow eloquent and tender.

As the ages passed on, though somewhat old-fashioned, they learned to read and write, for they were of strong, vigorous faculty; and, as they attracted and retained the love of all who visited them, they had intercourse with friends in various parts of the world. One traveller—he was an American—kept them regularly supplied with newspapers; these Adam read diligently to his wife; and his keen brown eyes looked up at her from their pages, without spectacles, as lustrous and fervid as when he repeated to her his conversation with the archangel Raphael. He learnt all about the slave-trade, and the excitement of Livingstone's discoveries; stories of travel and exploration were peculiarly interesting to him, for he was haunted by the superstition that some day one of these wonderful discoverers would come across his lost boy. Cain, he felt sure, was still a wanderer, and an exile; he looked for tidings of him, when he heard of the discovery of a new world; and later on, in the nineteenth century, when no murderer—but he checked himself, and resumed, in his thoughts,—when no *lost person* could remain hidden, even though he were lying at the bottom of some deep Alpine cleft, there seemed really a fair expectation that some clue to the missing one would be found. He even began once a description of his boy, as he looked when he last saw him, with the intention of forwarding it to the *Times*, but his wife bade him reflect that, if their son were still living, his costume, his skin, and the manner of wearing his hair would be changed.

A little before the time at which I am writing a serious grief befell this worthy old couple, and I fear it will be long before they will recover from the effects of it. Though, as I have hinted, they to some extent kept pace with the world, and had probably heard of the French Revo-

lution, the works and influence of the great thinkers were unknown to them. They could scarcely, indeed, be expected to feel interest in philosophy, holding as they did the simple clue to the mysteries of the universe. The literature of the Middle Ages they had always found excessively tedious, but they were well versed in modern poets and authors, and would sometimes remark of a favorite volume that it might have been written in their own garden. One day "The Earthly Paradise" was brought to them by an English traveller. They were sitting together under an almond-tree—one that they had planted in Eden, because it was the first fair creature that had greeted them in the wilderness, when they were driven from their home by the flaming sword. The tree stretched a bough of pink blossom, clear against the blue sky, above their heads, and they sat—the young Englishman noted, as he turned back to look at them, after bidding farewell—serene and without curiosity, the book unclosed upon their knee. This was before they had received the intelligence that so troubled them as quite to overcloud their lives. I cannot enter into the details of their religion, enough that they had always believed it a happy thing to be born, and had never regretted that they had peopled the world, even though they had brought sin and death into it by their one rash act of disobedience. For, though God had forced them and their offspring to labor and to suffer, he had never withdrawn from them the comfort and solace of love. It is doubtful indeed whether they would ever have learnt to care much for each other in Paradise, where there was neither peril nor discomfort. Adam once confessed to his wife that it was not until he saw tears in her bright eyes that he felt the longing to cherish her replace the old covetous desire of her beauty. In like manner it was when Adam returned from his first day of distress and fatigue with the spade that Eve felt a wifely tenderness spring up towards him in her bosom, and from that hour it was her chief happiness to mend his clothes, prepare his food carefully, and make his seasons of rest from labor full of refreshment and delight. "In Eden," she said, "there was nothing we could do for each other, and now we are quite dependent."

It must not be imagined that these two old people never thought regretfully of the days when everything happened just as they had planned; they often grew gloomy

and impatient, and when they found bad desires and selfish hopes creeping into their minds, their terror and astonishment were indescribable. But, as I have said, they never doubted that life was a blessing, that Providence was kind, and happiness within the reach of every human creature. I now come to the cause of the great misery that is at present disheartening and disturbing them. It has reached their ears that over wide tracts of Europe there are people, not suffering from war, famine, poverty, or pestilence, who yet bitterly bewail their lot, are inclined to think that the most satisfactory moments of their lives are those spent in sleep or in forgetfulness, and desire only to divert themselves, at whatever cost, till they die. When Adam heard of the strange lunacy that had thus befallen his offspring, he exclaimed, "Let these young people fall in love and marry." "That they cannot do," replied sadly the young European they were questioning; "they love no one but themselves. If they see a beautiful object or creature, they no longer desire to foster it, but to destroy or to consume it." "They are afraid of God; it is as when we hid ourselves in the garden," Eve whispered to Adam. "On the contrary," rejoined their guest, "they do not believe in any God, and they have no fear of punishment." "Yet surely sometimes they feel grateful; that, it seems to me, is one of the things that make up for having done wrong. In my youth I lived a quite blameless life; afterwards, when I had fallen into grievous sin, those whom I had injured were kind to me. It is the blessings one does not deserve that are so precious," added Eve timidly, and hid her face, that was blushing like a girl's, behind her husband's shoulder. "But these people, who believe everything is getting worse, consider that life gives them much less than their desert; even their poets, one of them especially, who was once full of marvellous hope, seem to think that, unless men can retain in their grasp forever the delights and affections that they prize, it would have been far better never to have possessed them." "And do the poets say this?" cried Adam, in astonishment. "Why, we two were in Paradise scarcely a twelvemonth, and yet —" Eve softly laid her hands on her husband's lips, and, turning to the stranger, contin-

ued: "There is a little bit of Paradise still in every human life, and its duration is probably as long as that enjoyed by the first two dwellers upon earth. We are old people, and our children are dead; I do not think I shall ever see my little ones again; by-and-by one of us will be left alone; but we shall remember till we die; perchance the unhappy people of whom you are speaking have never made any memories?" "Either they have been happy once, and lost the secret of living over again their happy days, or they care nothing at all about the past, and hold that every moment should contain its special little portion of felicity, as a dewdrop its spark of light." "If they have lost the secret of hoarding the hours," rejoined Eve, very gravely, "they may well wish they had never been born."

After this, nothing was said; over ill news old people brood; they do not get excited, or change color, but they wake in the night and turn over all they have heard, and repeat it to one another for many days, like a piece they would get by heart. I felt that this would happen, when I left them, as I did, abruptly; for I had divined their secret, and, though I am but a careless young fellow, I had no mind to witness the affliction of the worthy old couple, whom in some sort I regarded as my grandparents. I have never visited them again, and I shall tell no man the way to their cottage. They will live in my memory as I left them — simple, majestic figures, their faces full of astonishment and pain. I think of them frequently after a hard business day, or an evening spent in fashionable society. And my one hope with regard to them is that I may live to be old enough to see men desire the simplicity they have never lost. Can it be that, in obscurity as great as that which hides them from the eye of a busy world, the young and ardent are planning the conditions of a life that shall be as blessed in desire and fruition as that of the two young lovers, who, after the shedding of a few "natural tears" at the loss of their early illusions, accepted their lot, endured its hardships, shared its joys, and, redeemed by patience and hope from its degradation, find the ample years of age all too few to recount the consolations of memory?

MICHAEL FIELD.